THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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BY

GEORGE SANTAYANA

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THIS WEEK

WHILE twenty-nine million French citizens seem indifferent toward increasing the country's baby-output, philoprogenitive neighbors are working overtime. The situation is grave. Either the French must go in for a little intensive breeding, or they must welcome immigrants. Mr. Naudeau recommends the second course.

* * *

To Lady Rodd, wife of one of Britain's ablest diplomats, all doors are open. In the Cairo of thirty years ago she witnessed the prenuptial ceremonies of the youthful Khedive, encountered Lord Kitchener, and hobnobbed with the best people generally.

* * *

Paul Berthelet is quite disenchanted as far as Angora is concerned. Hard hearted indeed is the reader who will not shed a sympathetic tear for this unfortunate Frenchman, forced to travel from Constantinople to the new Turkish capital with only one meal and one million bugs. When he reached his destination he found Foreign Secretary Ismet Pasha comfortably ensconced in squalid and torrid surroundings singing the praises of the Nationalism that had made him what he is to-day.

* * *

Dr. Obst is just back from the Ukraine with some precise facts about the steel industry there. He went to Kief and Odessa, both sadly depopulated since 1914 but still swarming with mobs of scowling Russians, Great and Little, Poles, Germans, Jews, and Greeks.

* * *

The thoroughly civilized Mr. Walkley calls Arnold Bennett and Virginia Woolf to order for indulging themselves in the lugubrious sport of classifying novels. His crowning touch is to praise Proust and to acknowledge in the same breath that he finds Miss Woolf a bit difficult to follow.

* * *

The Dollar Man, with money in his pockets, rings on his fingers, and gold in his teeth, has the same effect on an Athenian café that a cocktail has on an empty stomach. He is the only person who can bring back to the old haunts of Aristophanes and Plato something of their pre-war pep.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *DECEMBER 13, 1924* — NO. 4196

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AS EUROPE SEES IT

THE cables have already given us a digest of the way the European press received the results of the Presidential election in the United States. Some of the more piquant reactions, however, did not sift through. Laborists and Socialists of either the moderate or radical faith did not conceal their disappointment. The London *Daily Herald*, the official organ of the British Labor Party, headed its accounts of the outcome 'Two Strike-Breakers Rule America,' and appended the following brief character-study of the President: —

He is a person of mediocre abilities and uninteresting character. His elevation to so high a post is largely fortuitous, though he would not have been run again by the Republican Party if it had not suited 'Big Business' to have a pliable nonentity, of limited views and intelligence, for its figurehead.

Die Rote Fahne, the Berlin Communist daily, characterized Mr. Coolidge as 'a typical American Babbitt of the narrowest kind,' and then proceeded to compliment our public life in general as follows: —

In American politics neither principles nor personality count for as much as they do in European democracies. Coolidge was a good tool of American capital, and for that reason the dollar kings threw their weight into the balance to reëlect him. He is an ideal representative of the American dollar monarchs, without any special ambitions or notable ideas. The Vice-President, Dawes, needs no introduction to German workers. He is the father of the notorious plan that he drafted as Morgan's henchman, and that MacDonald and the whole Second International applaud as a triumph of Marxian reason.

The Moderate-Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna characterized the result as 'a triumph of plutocracy,' and naïvely observed: 'Unquestionably the election was powerfully influenced by the Conservative victory in England.'

For the most part, however, the foreign press was friendly. In addition to conventional expressions of surprise at his 'astounding popular poll,' and emphasis — especially in British Liberal papers — on the fact that the Republicans won by a heavy majority over their opponents, while the Conservatives in Great Britain owe their victory only to a plurality vote, the

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principal preoccupation of editors has been to forecast the effect of the election upon our foreign policy. The *Manchester Guardian* said: —

Hitherto in his references to Europe and the League Mr. Coolidge has maintained a severe correctitude, for the avowed purpose of keeping close to the official policy of the Republican Party. But he has been sympathetic with the efforts of European statesmen toward disarmament, and it was he who made possible the service rendered by America in the framing of the Dawes Report, the titular author of which now becomes Vice-President of the United States. These facts suggest that from the European standpoint there is no good reason to suppose that the policy of America in the period upon which we now enter will not be one of fruitful and enlarging coöperation in the cause of international settlement and peace.

The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* is equally optimistic: —

It is unnecessary in the end to think that the American people have chosen unwisely. Party programmes may go astray. Character remains; and it is upon his personal qualities — courage, reserve, simplicity, honesty — that America has pronounced judgment. The prophets who so easily write off the participation of the United States in European affairs on the ground of his election may be further from the truth than anyone imagines. It is an inevitable consequence of returning such a man as Mr. Coolidge to office that one knows very little of the line he will take in important matters. But it may at least be said that as so much depends upon the character of the President and his strength in Congress there is no reason to fear that Mr. Coolidge will refuse the help of America wherever it may usefully be applied to the solution of European problems. The Geneva Protocol, if ratified, would prove another obstacle to the United States' entry into the League of Nations. But a Disarmament Conference has been approved, though in somewhat strange terms. The foreign policy of the United States will probably be marked by courage and initiative, and if Mr. Coolidge will not go quite so far as many of us would wish, we must admit that it is at least partly the fault of Europe.

The *Times*, whose editorial comment has already been quoted in the American press, finds the significant lesson of the election in the nation's repudiation of any attempt to tamper radically with the Constitution: —

The Constitution has been found flexible without the sacrifice of fundamental principles when adjustments were imperative, and it will doubtless at no time grow rigid in the sagacious hands which have it in keeping. But gradually and safely to accommodate this marvelous monument of constructive wisdom to the growing needs of a new time whenever accommodation may be required, and in the measure, neither more nor less, to which it may be required, is a task which demands the highest and the rarest qualities of statesmanship. They may be described comprehensively as being a supreme degree of common-sense, and President Coolidge truly said in his 'acceptance speech' that common-sense is America's 'greatest asset.' It has just saved her from all possibility of dangerous adventures and experiments for many years to come.

The Tory *Morning Post* is naturally gratified that our electors have remained true to the nation's old traditions: —

The supreme service which the United States has rendered to a world tossed hither and thither by the tempests of doubt and daring change has been its steadfast reliance on tradition, its proud allegiance to the plighted word, its detestation of anarchy and violence. The United States is one of the great bulwarks which has manfully withstood the Bolshevist storm. Quite apart, then, from considerations of party or of the merits of Presidential gladiators, any decision which reveals the steadiness of American public opinion is bound to be welcomed with relief by the civilized world.

The *Outlook* takes the opportunity to indulge in prophecy: —

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There is no serious domestic legislation impending in America. We may assume that the next four years will be a period of quiet readjustment. There will be efforts to reduce taxation; the interests of business will be carefully nursed. 'Wild' legislation will be frowned upon. Abroad the policy of economic imperialism, which seems to be America's destiny, will continue. The hold on Central America and the West Indies will increase. In Asia the 'open door' policy will be maintained, and it is through this that the greatest difficulty may arise, for sooner or later the American and Japanese policies must come into conflict in the Pacific.

No equally significant comment appears in the Continental papers, which in this instance took their cue from the British press or confined their speculations to the probable effect of the election upon issues of direct or indirect concern to their readers, like the handling of the Interallied debts.

L'Indépendance Belge, representing the Liberal Nationalists of Belgium, cheerfully infers that American voters were chiefly intent upon expressing at the ballot box their disapproval of demagogues. 'The American people, who are democratic and liberal in the fullest sense of the word, and indeed quite as progressive as our European democrats, are unwilling to embark on the adventure of a class struggle.'

Journal de Genève, which, like its leading Swiss contemporaries, generally discusses American affairs with a keen sense of actualities in our country, would naturally have preferred to see a pro-League administration at Washington. It consoles itself, however, with the reflection that, while Mr. Coolidge's policy 'does not have the grandeur of that of Mr. Wilson, and perhaps is not the best conceivable policy for a great nation, it is the only one that we can expect from the Americans at the present moment.'

El Sol, a Madrid Liberal daily, headed its leader upon the results in Great Britain and the United States 'Soporific Governments,' and characterized Coolidge and Baldwin as 'typical representatives of an age and a type of society that distrusts great men.'

La Stampa, the Giolitti organ of the Liberal Centre in Italy, likewise embraces the British and the American elections in a single survey, under the title 'The Conservative Wave,' and says: —

> Calvin Coolidge and Baldwin are the Anglo-Saxon expression of the inevitable relaxation of tension after the Herculean effort of the war. Herriot is the incarnation of a disillusioned France. These men have been chosen for high office by their respective countries because they are extremely unlikely, for reasons of character, disposition, and capacity, to embark their countries in military, political, or economic adventures of any kind.

There is an interesting note in the public statement made by the venerable Viscount Shibusawa — the great Japanese Liberal and indefatigable laborer for friendly understanding between Japan and America — made on the night of the election. It incidentally throws light on the other side of our relations with Japan in China, which the jingoistic press both in this country and in the Orient has been taking considerable pains to disturb: —

> During President Coolidge's administration Japan's relations with America, characterized by seventy years of friendship, has been sadly marred, despite his consistent effort in striving for good-will and amity. However, we trust that time and the growth of better understanding will heal the wounded feelings.
>
> The perfect concert in attitude between Japan and America in China, despite much recrimination by the press, has been remarkable. As far as is known from authoritative sources, there has been perfect accord and understanding between the American

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and Japanese Governments. We believe the new Coolidge administration will continue the same policy.

For our part we will, of course, offer the heartiest coöperation to the United States under President Coolidge's continued leadership, and strive to protect and promote peace and friendship among all the countries whose shores are laved by the waters of the Pacific. Our policy is for an 'open China, democratic China, and peaceful China.'

❦

APPRAISING THE BRITISH CABINET

MR. BALDWIN'S Cabinet was received with approval by the British press, except that Mr. Churchill's high honor immediately after returning to the Tory fold was criticized by several Conservative editors. The *Observer* remarked: —

On all sides there is a remarkable consensus of approval for Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. Foreign comment gives it a genuine welcome. In the Dominions and at home it is regarded as little short of the strongest combination which could have been devised.

The *Scotsman* said: —

Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet has had an excellent press. The chorus of approval is indeed almost embarrassing; it seems to suggest that in pleasing nearly everyone Mr. Baldwin must be laying up a store of disappointment for some oversanguine people in the future. It is not only among the Unionist journals that the line of approbation is so strongly marked; Liberal journals, both London and provincial, are hardly less enthusiastic.

The *Spectator* takes Mr. Churchill's appointment to mean that Mr. Baldwin 'intends to place his policy upon a very broad foundation,' an intention that this journal highly approves. 'Mr. Churchill has always professed himself a Free-Trader. No doubt, like other Free-Traders who are not absolute slaves to a doctrine, he may be willing, for the sake of certain great ends or high causes, to impinge upon the pure doctrine of Free Trade in exceptional cases. For example, he might think it worth while to make an economic sacrifice — for such it would be — to satisfy the Dominions.'

The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* shares the general surprise that Mr. Churchill was given the Exchequer. 'It is an astounding thing to find Mr. Baldwin giving to Mr. Churchill the virtual reversion of the Premiership upon which so many other eyes must have rested longingly and not without foundation for their hopes.'

Mr. Churchill's appointment is equally approved by *The Nation and the Athenæum*, which believes that the 'Treasury offers an interesting and productive field for a capable administrator; there are many useful reforms in finance that may be effected by a Chancellor with imagination and force of character.'

Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the Foreign Office is generally regarded as an improvement on Lord Curzon, the last Conservative to hold that post. Mr. Baldwin's kindly reference to M. Herriot at the Guild Hall banquet, in which he declared that the French Premier 'has merited the gratitude of Europe for his loyalty and his moderation, and he may rest assured that His Majesty's Government will continue to furnish him with the most friendly and consistent support in the execution of the policy which he has himself so largely facilitated,' is naturally construed as a policy declaration of first importance. But this does not imply acceptance of the Geneva Protocol. Sisley Huddleston wrote to the *New Statesman* from Paris: —

It is taken for granted here that the Geneva Protocol is dead, that England will not endorse the dangerous commitments of Geneva and be prepared to fight for the

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status quo in Europe. It is taken for granted that the British will insist on the evacuation of Cologne according to the Treaty, and that there will shortly be, as already arranged, a conference on this subject. The French suppose that England will not desire to exercise a somewhat futile military control of Germany. It is anticipated that there will be some controversy on Inter-allied debts, since Mr. Winston Churchill will seek to relieve the British taxpayer by any means.

The *Spectator* believes that if the Government deals successfully with the opium question, the future relations between Great Britain and Russia, and 'the eternal Reparations triangle of this country, France, and Germany,' the world will probably go naturally forward to a general pacification, 'whether based on the Geneva Protocol or on some subsequent arrangement.'

It is significant that the Conservative Party starts out with a domestic policy designed to steal the thunder of the Labor Party. Mr. Winston Churchill declares: —

> Conservatives must remedy the grave evils of the housing shortage and of the scarcity of employment, and must sustain our agricultural industry and revive, by bold experiment if necessary, the prosperity of trade and commerce.

The Earl of Birkenhead predicts: —

> It will be possible for us in many ways to make the lot of the workers better and happier. Not the least of our tasks is to persuade them of the elementary truth that every class in England must coöperate in the attempt to face our present difficulties. Employers must be imaginative and must even take risks. The laboring classes must work as hard as their rivals and competitors in foreign countries. Unemployment is to be solved not by revolution but by the demonstration of our power to compete upon equal terms with foreign nations.

The *Glasgow Herald* cannily remarks: —

> It is up to a Conservative Government, then, to demonstrate that common-sense and practicable methods can be successfully applied to the removal of grievances where they visibly exist, and the redress of wrongs that are not more imaginary than real, without having recourse to any of those expedients which bulk largely in Socialist programmes, but must inevitably be discovered to have more bulk than substance.

THAT MYSTERIOUS LETTER

During the British campaign the world was favored with redundant but cloudy accounts of the so-called 'Zinoviev letter,' which was alleged to contain secret instructions from the Executive Committee of the Moscow Communist International to the Central Committee of the British Communist Party, directing its members to propagate revolution in Great Britain. The contents of this letter are plausible enough, for they do not differ materially from what is proposed in many acknowledged writings of the Bolshevist leaders. But was this specific document — if any document ever existed — genuine or a forgery? Apparently the new Cabinet believes there was such a letter, although the Labor Ministry appears to have had its doubts. The Labor Daily Herald comes out with a round denial that any letter ever existed, and the Liberal and usually well-balanced *Manchester Guardian* apparently shares this skepticism. The latter journal thus reviews the question editorially: —

> The Zinoviev rip-rap is still giving off intermittent bangs. The latest is provided by the *Daily Herald*, which announces that the Foreign Office has never had either the letter or the copy of the letter in its possession; that in fact there is no letter, and that the Foreign Office relies solely on the evidence of spies, one in London and one in Moscow, who attended the meetings where Zinoviev's 'instructions' were read out and

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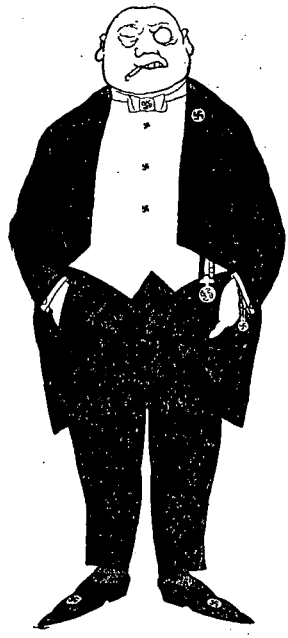
took shorthand notes of them. If this is true, the question of leakage becomes important. It would mean that the information obtained independently by the press came through the blabbing, accidental or deliberate, either of someone in the Foreign Office or, more probably, of someone to whom the Foreign Office had entrusted this confidential information. It could hardly have been obtained direct, as it might have been had there been a letter of any kind in existence.

Rakovskii, one of the Moscow representatives who negotiated the agreement with the MacDonald Cabinet that brought the Labor Party to defeat, pointed out in an interview persuasive reasons why the letter — at least as published — was probably a forgery: (*a*) at the time Zinoviev was alleged to have written it he was not in Moscow but a thousand miles or more away from that city; (*b*) it gave Zinoviev's official title wrong; (*c*) it contained internal evidence of having been composed by a man who was not thoroughly familiar with the organization of the Soviet Government and the Third International Executive, and so on.

The London *Daily Herald* ridicules the episode as an exposure of the gullibility of Governments, and asserts that 'a stream' of similar 'fakes' has been paid for in good British gold out of the large appropriations — amounting to several hundred thousand dollars a year — allowed the Secret Service for the purchase of such evidence. We are not without examples of the same sort of thing at Washington, and almost every important capital has its stories of clever swindlers who have victimized overtrustful government agents who were known to have the almost uncontrolled disposition of large sums of public money. All in all, the Zinoviev letter controversy does not seem to have progressed beyond the phase of the interrogation point.

Rallying Germany to the Dawes 'Cross of Gold.' — *Rote Fahne*



Nordic Man! — *Simplicissimus*

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ANGORA, CITY OF DISENCHANTMENT. I

BY PAUL BERTHELET

From *L'Écho de Paris, October* 14, 17, 21, 27
(CLERICAL DAILY)

WHEEZING, groaning, sputtering its fatigue in a final rattle of grinding iron, the train stops before a little station of disappointing mediocrity. Angora at last!

For thirty hours we have been bumped together in the collection of ancient and decrepit cars that forms the famous train de luxe from Constantinople to Angora, the sole link uniting ancient and modern Turkey. A delightful journey! No sleeping-accommodations, no dining-car, no conveniences of any kind. Seated on dirty, uncomfortable benches on which we are forbidden to lie down, stifled by the heat, and assaulted by vermin, our sole preoccupation during the trip has been to find at every stop a little fresh water, even if undrinkable.

Between Constantinople and Angora there is but a single eating-station, at Eskishehr, a place of unhappy memory. Suspicious soup, high meat, squash swimming in a black mutton-tallow gravy, and bitter beer! Even the *douzico* was abominable. It smelled of denatured alcohol and puckered the lips. During the rest of the trip I lived on the country: sour milk mixed with water, and green fruit — an excellent diet for midsummer in Anatolia, when the very paint on the railway cars blisters in the sun.

My traveling companions tried to comfort me by describing how in a few months, possibly in a few weeks, everything would be changed for the better; the Government was about to put on sleeping-cars and a dining-car with all European luxuries. But for the time being, at least, these things still remained in the land of dreams, and frequent inspections by prying gendarmes were no compensation for their absence.

A year ago, when I traveled by rail from Riga to Moscow, I supposed I had reached the limit of train discomfort, and I said something to that effect in my letters home. Let me apologize to the Bolsheviki for those unkind reflections. There is something worse than the train from Riga to Moscow. It is the present train from Constantinople to Angora. We travel to learn.

But my cup of confession is not yet full. I also bewailed last year the absence of comfort in the nationalized hotels of Moscow. I did not dream that I should find worse ones anywhere. But I did not know Angora at that time. Its hotels are a hundred times, a thousand times, ten thousand times worse. But I am anticipating my story.

Behold Angora the magnificent, the entrancing, the secluded, the invincible; Angora, the peerless city; Angora, font of energy, of vigor, of industry; Angora, fairest flower of the modern East, of the emancipated East, whose rising sun is to illuminate our barbarous and decadent West!

That is what my fellow travelers had told me in their eagerness to be picturesque, if not truthful; and trusting to their descriptions, I had dreamed of Angora as a marvelous city where I should be overwhelmed, astonished,

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dazzled at every turn. I did not bring with me to the Turkish capital a critical spirit, but a simple faith, which asked only to be confirmed. And during my trip hither I took care to nurse my enthusiasm by reading litanies composed in honor of Angora by fervent admirers of that new Mecca.

My disappointment has been correspondingly great. Quite possibly I expected too much of a city whose praise has been sung with lyric eloquence by certain travelers — guests of Mustapha Kemal Pasha the Victorious. Those who saw nothing but the luxury of the presidential residence and official receptions, and who listened to nothing but the conventional myths circulated by their official hosts, may have been honestly deceived about Angora. Others may be excused for a little exaggeration, because they visited the Turkish capital at the height of the campaign against the Greeks, when it was thronged with soldiers, officials, and refugees, and its peop e packed the mosques daily to give thanks for victories, real or reported. But I saw Angora plain and unadorned. I saw it with the eyes of an ordinary visitor — and I have not been dazzled.

Angora may possibly be a capital, but it is certainly not a city. It is an ugly country town that reeks with poverty and languishes with ennui. It takes no pride in showing the ruins of a temple where Augustus caused a tablet to be set up to immortalize his glory; it cares nothing about preserving its mementos of the wars between Pompey and Mithridates, between Bajazet and Tamerlane; it recks naught for the fact that time is effacing the last vestiges of the splendor of the Seljuks and the vanishing traces of the sojourn of the Crusaders. No, this pitiful little town has no pride of ancestry or tradition. If it had, it might be crushed under the memories of its departed glory; for whatever it has to-day is transient and provisional.

There are no custodians for the famous ruins; there is no map to show their location; no one can relate their history. They are deserted and abandoned.

The city — I shall call it that out of courtesy and for convenience —spreads like a fan from the base of its citadel, which preserves a certain impressiveness in spite of the ravages of time. The conflagration of 1917 left a vacant belt between the higher portion of the town and the remainder. This adds a touch of dignity to the detached and mouldering fortifications outlined against the clear sky above.

Angora's topography is simple. A broad avenue runs from the station — which is some distance from the town — past the building occupied by the National Assembly and the public park, then behind the Government offices and the post office, and ends in the slums and red-light district. The principal street starts at the building of the National Assembly and divides Angora into two parts. This thoroughfare is fairly broad at first, but contracts to a mere alley in the very heart of the town, where it makes an abrupt turn and ascends to the citadel. It is bordered on both sides by little wooden barracks.

There is one more street that may fairly be entitled to the name, upon which are the Ministry of War, the office of the newspaper *The New Day*, and the one decent café in the town. The latter is the only refuge for idlers and for unhappy travelers lodged in the uninhabitable hotels. New roads, pompously called avenues, have been surveyed among the ruins into the open country. They begin nowhere and end nowhere. All the remainder of the town is a tangle of narrow crowded alleys descending from the higher level to the

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barren plain below. The houses are placed haphazard, and with a few exceptions are monotonous gray hovels. Dust and dirt cover everything: houses, roads, people, and even the trees, which look as if they had been cut out of zinc.

Gloomy lethargy weighs upon Angora — that I had supposed so vigorous and intensely alive! The very air is leaden with melancholy. Almost the only sound that breaks the noontide silence is the flapping of the storks' wings as they shift from one roof to another to vary the monotony of their existence. The rare vehicles, low ox-carts with solid wheels, are dragged by buffaloes. Most merchandise is transported on pack mules. It is a big event when a caravan arrives. In the residential sections the rumbling of a vehicle seems to be a danger signal. Men, women, children, and animals rush into the houses, doors are slammed shut, and not a living thing remains abroad to greet the passing traveler.

Every myth of the Orient vanishes here under the sun's pitiless glare. The dirty streets and sordid houses look just what they are, as do the little booths, with dilapidated tar-paper and wormy-wood façades, that lean against each other for support and offer customers a meagre stock of tawdry merchandise. None of the gayety of color we associate with the Orient is visible here. Even the bazaar lacks the picturesque confusion of most Eastern marts. It suggests nothing but poverty.

Still, in Turkey even poverty is dignified. The Turk has few needs and he gladly shares what he has with others. There are not many beggars in the streets; but it is by no means uncommon to see some poor fellow slip humbly into the little restaurants and politely beg the favor of being allowed to carry off the crumbs and remnants left on a patron's plate.

Neither in the bazaar nor in the poor little vegetable market does one hear the noisy chaffering elsewhere so characteristic of Eastern bargaining. Buyers are rare, but there are always bystanders greedily devouring with their eyes the food exhibited for sale. Yet there is neither envy nor rebellion in their gaze, and when a prudent vendor motions them away they depart uncomplainingly, with a look of mute resignation.

Angora does not impress me as a city that is reviving, but rather as a town on the point of expiring in the shadow of its ruined citadel.

Anatolian evenings, however, are delightful, and Angora really wakes up at sundown. After the intense heat and deep silence of midday comes a period of refreshing coolness. The siesta stillness of the streets is broken by the clatter of sandals and by laughter and loud conversation. The townspeople crowd — at Angora more than fifty people make a crowd — toward Fresco Garden, where all the citizens who really matter gather under a few scrawny, anæmic little trees to drink champagne. What an error to imagine that the Mussulmen are water-drinkers! Douzico flows in rivers, and the Turks eat great quantities of salty, pickled, peppered condiments to excite their thirst for it.

At Fresco Garden and the restaurant of the same name every celebrity in Angora may be found of an evening, together with a few foreign diplomats who have taken up their residence at the new capital. The establishment possesses an orchestra, consisting of three musicians who do their best to drown the noise of the conversation. They do not always succeed in this noble effort, in spite of their vigorous exertions.

Fresco himself is an evil little Jew who has acquired a monopoly of the

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entertainment business in Angora. Among the attractions he places at the disposal of his clients is a movie-show, where a clumsy operator projects on a dirty screen ancient films, as full of holes as the ragged awnings over the booths in the bazaar. To a majority of the people, however, the Public Garden — so called because you pay an admission fee to enter it — is the acme of Occidental luxury and elegance. There is no other place in town for them to go, and only there do they find a pale imitation of verdure, supplied by a few discouraged-looking trees and a little scrubby turf.

The Director of the Press Bureau had kindly offered to reserve lodgings for me. He selected a room for me near his office and a polite guide conducted me thither. Though the room was in what is considered the best hotel at Angora, that gentleman warned me, with an embarrassed smile: 'You'll be able to get along, but it's not like the palaces of Constantinople.'

He was quite right. The hotel is an ugly adobe shack — unfinished, I think, for the wooden stairway to the upper floor has no railing. The whole place smells like a pesthouse. When we reached the vestibule leading to the sleeping-rooms, we were greeted by the rather banal spectacle of several Turks loitering about, clad only in long shirts and fezzes or astrakhan caps. The door of 'my' room was standing open and I saw that it was already partly — I may say three-quarters — occupied; for into this little cell, about ten feet square, the clever proprietor had managed to crowd four beds, so close together that they touched each other. A tiny oil lamp slightly mitigated the obscurity.

Two of my unknown roommates were already snoring lustily. The third, an officer, was methodically renovating his bed. Holding the lamp in one hand and a piece of cardboard in the other, he was daintily picking up, one by one, insects that inhabited it and dropping them into a glass of water.

We introduce ourselves. The officer has been here two days and hopes to leave to-morrow. This short sojourn at the new capital will last him the rest of his life. He is highly indignant at the lack of comfort, the dirt, and the horrible sanitary conditions he has found, and grows eloquent in his vituperation of the vermin that infest the place. Their numbers are truly extraordinary. They are clustered in masses on the dirty walls; they hold Soviet meetings on the floor, doubtless deliberating how best to bleed us imprudent intruders; and they march in serried ranks across the soiled blankets and more than doubtful sheets.

It is the hottest hour of the day, the 'dead hour,' when no one goes abroad in Angora except Europeans and dogs. Crouched on his seat, my hackman melts under his heavy astrakhan cap. He lets the reins sag, and his emaciated horses drag themselves along with their heads low, their tongues hanging out, their feet trailing in the dust. The dust itself rises like incandescent vapor in the blazing sunlight, and falls on me like hot volcanic ashes.

This is the hour that Ismet Pasha chose for our interview. 'Come at noon. We shall be less disturbed.' The Foreign Office occupies a modest little one-story building that looks like a country notary's office in France. I involuntarily glance up, expecting to see the familiar official shield; but its place is taken by a red flag bearing a white crescent, the banner of New Turkey. An Anatolian sentry stands on guard at the door, a magnificent, bronze, smiling giant, tidily dressed and well armed. His face shines in the sun like the barrel of his gun.

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I was impressed the moment I entered this little building by its tidiness — by a neatness not common in Angora. I also noticed that there were very few officials visible, and none of them was idling. The offices were strangely silent. A moment later I confronted the little, delicate-looking man who defeated the Greeks, liberated Turkey, and checkmated the Allies at Lausanne.

Since I saw him at Lausanne, Ismet Pasha has lost weight considerably. His shoulders have begun to stoop, his hair is thinner, and his face bears evidence of the fatigue to which he frankly confesses. But his eyes are as bright and searching as ever, and his smile preserves the same peculiar, gently ironical finesse that it always had. He is dressed simply but with care and elegance, his silk cravat carefully tied, his collar immaculately white and stiff, his black suit a perfect fit, betraying not the slightest suggestion of the East.

Ismet Pasha is very deaf. Seated close to him, in a low chair next to his best ear, I had great difficulty in making myself understood. It was commonly supposed at Lausanne that he made shrewd use of this infirmity to escape indiscreet questions. I do not believe it. He answers every inquiry with absolute frankness. Indeed, he says what he thinks with a plainness that seems rather blunt, especially by contrast with his soft, low voice.

I was compelled to summarize in writing and submit to the Government Press Bureau the substance of our conversation. Only the less compromising portions were allowed to remain. Furthermore, I was told plainly that if I published it in full the Minister of Foreign Affairs would formally repudiate it. That is the way they do things in Angora. So what I print here is the revised and corrected interview that Ismet Pasha was so gracious as to give me.

'. . . One must not confuse the Turkey of yesterday with the Turkey of to-day. There is a deep gulf, a complete rupture, between the two. New Turkey, born in pain and strengthened and enlarged by military victories, is governed by men who work with new methods, with a spirit radically different from that of the old rulers of the country. The policies of European Powers must accommodate themselves to this new condition. It is not temporary, you may rest assured, but is becoming more firmly established every day. All Turkey is with us, as the last elections have gloriously affirmed.

'There are some discontented elements, to be sure. They exist in every country. But we can say that we have never encountered a real, serious, organized opposition. The decisions of the National Assembly have invariably been accepted with satisfaction by the country, and the most radical of them, those that have most profoundly upset old customs, are the ones that the people have received with the greatest enthusiasm. The emancipation of women, the separation of Church and State, the deposition of the Sultan, the proclamation of the Republic, and the suppression of the Caliphate have been approved unanimously.

'Constantinople no longer counts. Angora alone matters. We are firmly determined to remain here in our new capital in the midst of the brave men who fought so courageously, so obstinately, to win our independence and to rid our territories of invaders. You have in this city a true image of the New Turkey: intensely alive, ardent, and filled with faith.

'For many years the Turkish people suffered the misery of almost constant

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warfare. Our Government has brought them victory, peace, the sure prospect of prosperity with liberty. All we ask to-day is to be allowed to labor in peace to better the condition of our country and to finish the great task of national reconstruction that we have begun.

'With us the idea of the Fatherland is supreme. It lies at the bottom of all our decisions; it inspires all our efforts. Nationalism is what has saved Turkey; Nationalism is what has enabled us to carry out, down to its minimum details, our National Pact. Men must always turn to that Magna Charta of New Turkey in order to understand the decisions of the National Assembly and the acts of the Government. . . .'

[A few paragraphs dealing with the relations of France and Turkey have been omitted. — EDITOR.]

This is what Ismet Pasha said. I have preferred not to change a word of the text, a copy of which is on file with the Press Bureau in Angora.

THE PERIL AND PROFIT OF IMMIGRATION

BY LUDOVIC NADEAU

From *L'Illustration, November* 1
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

[THE writer is on the editorial staff of *Le Temps*. He has had a broad experience in the Orient and Russia, and is the author of several books on those countries.]

ONE of the principal causes of the War of 1914 was the inequality of the birth rates of France and Germany. Our neighbors, anticipating the decline of our population, imagined that our sparsely peopled territories were destined to become their property. And to-day, in spite of what happened in 1918, I have found everywhere in Europe the opinion that our future is imperiled by our empty cradles.

The birth rate is also declining in other countries. But their population continues to grow, while we have not only stopped growing — our numbers are decreasing.

The territories of France now equal in area those of Germany. Our twenty-nine million people, instead of multiplying on this fertile soil, are growing less. They form too sparse — or, if I may employ the words, too porous and too permeable — a community. If we could increase our population to fifty million, and maintain our present standard of living, it would do more to ensure our national security than scores of cunningly drafted treaties. It is urgently necessary, therefore, for us to use every agency within our reach to accomplish this. The best and most effective of these, let me say at once, would be to increase our birth rate and to lower our infant mortality, which is still scandalously high. But since we are apparently unable to do these things, it behooves us to consider other measures.

Even a most casual study of history teaches us that the homogeneity of

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nations is only on the surface. Their superficial uniformity but half conceals atavistic diversities of an extremely complex and varied kind. France is the most centralized country of Europe to-day, but everyone knows that she is composed of provinces that not long ago were mortal enemies. We have a French temperament, a French culture, and above all a French patriotism, but there is no such thing as a strictly French race; or, to say the least, if such a race has arisen, it is like an alloy formed by the fusion of many different metals.

Even since our country has attained its present unity, it has continued to receive large accessions of foreign population. During the first half of the eighteenth century several thousand Irishmen came over in a single body. These immigrants distinguished themselves gloriously in the Battle of Fontenoy. Their descendants became so thoroughly French that one of them, Marshal MacMahon, was elected President of our Republic. During the eighteenth century, also, numbers of Polish refugees settled in France and were completely assimilated, as the Polish names so common among us testify.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was a Swiss. Madame de Staël was the daughter of Swiss parents. Bonaparte was in his youth a Corsican patriot, who hated the French, and some of his ancestors came from Italy. Kléber was an Alsatian who began his military career in the Prussian army. Gambetta and Émile Zola were direct descendants of Italian parents; and our famous General Boulanger, if I am not mistaken, was the son of an Irish mother. And what about our French kings, who inherited through the marriages of their ancestors the blood of almost every land in Europe? Louis Madelin once said: 'Louis XVI was not of our race. He was far more the descendant of Stanislas Leckzinsky than of Henry IV.'

I cite these names from memory without attempting to pick out particularly striking examples, merely to illustrate how complex our origin is and to show that these successive infiltrations of blood have not prevented the formation of a definite and distinctive *esprit français*, which everyone recognizes and which nothing hitherto has modified.

Prussia is an even more heterogeneous nation. Originally it was not a German country at all, but inhabited by Finns and Slavs. The Germans did not appear there until the twelfth or thirteenth century, when they came as missionaries, crusaders, and traders. German adventurers, followed by the Teutonic Knights, conquered and Christianized the savage *Pruczi*, who were the ancestors of many of the Prussians of our time. They thereby gave a German and Christian imprint to this pagan nation, whose members eventually adopted the language of their conquerors.

Even as late as the seventeenth century Prussia was an unimportant little land with hardly more than a million and a half inhabitants. But the Great Elector took shrewd advantage of the folly of Louis XIV, who revoked the Edict of Nantes and drove 400,000 Frenchmen from their native land. The Elector recalled that long before his day his predecessors had encouraged their prisoners of war to marry Prussian girls and settle in the country. He remembered that Albert the Bear had successfully colonized in Prussia Hollanders, Zeelanders, and Flemings. Following this ancestral tradition, he issued an Edict of Potsdam, welcoming the Huguenots to his territories and granting them lands, privileges, and financial aid. More than 25,000 picked Frenchmen, much superior to the

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people among whom they settled, migrated to Prussia and introduced there industries and arts previously unknown. . . .

So we see that the modern Prussian, with his rigidity, his inflexibility, his domineering will, — the Prussian whom we justly accuse of trying to impose on Germany *l'esprit prussien*, — is himself the product of a most diversified heredity.

There exist also an intense American spirit, American patriotism, and American pride, although the United States has been peopled exclusively by the overflow of population from Europe. But this new melting-pot of old-world emigrants is geographically remote from the ancient nations and inherited antagonisms of our continent. The United States does not border upon any one of the countries that has supplied its citizens, and therefore it does not distrust the loyalty of the newcomers who make their home in its territory. For a long period admission to the United States was absolutely free. To-day the great empty spaces of the country are rapidly filling up, and its people are averse to seeing their land burdened with a too-numerous and impoverished population. So America has recently restricted immigration and limited it mainly to peoples of a stock closely kindred to her own. Rightly or wrongly, the great Republic wants her newcomers to be mainly Nordics. She discourages accessions from the Mediterranean and the Balkans, and excludes entirely Asiatics. But up to the present she has taken no steps to distribute, to fix the residence of, immigrants within her own boundaries. Even to-day any man who once gets across her borders can move about as freely as he will, and can select whatever place of residence he wishes. As a result, there have grown up in certain localities great colonies of Germans and of Italians that have become a problem for the country.

When we consider the example of these two nations, whose political unity has not been impaired by the diversity of their blood, and when we stop to think that France herself has received large accessions of foreigners without detriment, we naturally ask ourselves if the same colonization policy that has been such a benefit to Prussia and the United States might not prove a remedy for the curse of depopulation that is weakening us.

I hear many of my readers protesting: 'We are already overrun with foreigners!' It is true, there are parts of Paris where you will find scarcely a person who does not have an olive complexion and speak an enigmatical tongue betraying his descent from races very distant from those of Vercingetorix and Jeanne d'Arc. Only lately in the course of a nocturnal reconnaissance in Montmartre I discovered that the Apaches who used to crowd that section twenty years ago, so skillful in giving *le coup du père François*, had been replaced by real Apache redskins, who needed only a feather headdress to make them indistinguishable from the tribe that gives them their name. Or, to cite another instance: last summer, chancing to wander into a beautiful glade in the valley of the Oise, I stumbled upon three young Man Fridays sitting side by side upon a log. We hear the same protest from all parts of the country. A mongrel population, speaking different but equally incomprehensible jargons, is usurping the place of the true Frenchmen, who ought to be there but who are not, because many were killed in battle and the others have reared no families.

But it is vain to declaim against these conditions. Nature abhors a vacuum, and with people multiplying on every side of us the fertile lands of

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France cannot lie vacant. If we do not people them ourselves, other races will pour in from all points of the compass to occupy them, and all too often, as our newspapers bear witness.

Nothing can prevent this immigration — at least so long as we ourselves invite it in our eagerness to secure labor. Moreover, since this alien flood is inevitable, and indeed is indispensable for our industries, would it not be better, instead of letting it take its course, to control it, to follow that skillful policy of colonization which succeeded so well in Prussia? And why did it succeed there? Because the rulers of Prussia reduced immigration to a system which they personally supervised and enforced. They knew each day just how many foreigners had come into their realm, whence they came, and whither they were going. Some evils are inevitable. Wise statesmanship consists in controlling them and turning them into blessings.

Two years ago there were officially reported to be in France, in round numbers, 700,000 Italians, 550,000 Spaniards, 500,000 Belgians, 400,000 Russians, 200,000 Poles, 100,000 Portuguese, 70,000 Englishmen, 60,000 Americans, 60,000 Swiss, 25,000 Luxemburgers, 15,000 Germans, 15,000 Greeks, and 15,000 Rumanians. Since then these numbers have increased rapidly. Besides that, many undesirable foreigners manage to get into the country without our officials discovering the fact. We can measure the rapidity with which our alien population is growing by the fact that in Paris alone the number of Italians increased from 34,000 to over 80,000 during the ten years ending with 1923. In the same period the number of Belgians rose from 24,000 to 85,000, and of Spaniards from 5000 to 30,000. During the two years ending with 1923 the number of Rumanians increased from 8000 to 16,000.

We must add to this a colored plebs from Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco numbering more than 100,000 and concentrated principally in the Department of the Seine. There is surely no objection to these Mohammedans, who are French subjects, coming to our country to earn their living, but it is most advisable to sift the good ones from the bad. Numerous crimes and revolting assaults have recently been committed in our midst by North Africans. The press, which is so slow to move in such matters, is at length protesting against the licence they enjoy. We are told that the dregs of Africa are flocking to Paris in such numbers that crime is actually diminishing in the sections from which they come.

But how are we to restrict or control immigration when we have French organizations whose sole purpose is to encourage it? The French Immigration Society was organized as a joint enterprise of the Central Committee of Coal Mine Operators and the Central Farm Labor Office. After several tens of thousands of German prisoners left the country in 1919, our mines lacked labor. The Central Committee tried to recruit men in several countries and, after experimenting with Italy and Czechoslovakia, finally found the best field to be Poland. Within four months it imported 80,000 Polish workers, of whom one third brought their wives and children with them. Immediately other industries requested the Central Committee to furnish them laborers of the same kind. Our sugar factories and iron and steel works were among the first to do so. Creusot employs about 4000 Poles; our larger agricultural enterprises employ about 50,000 more.

We must bear in mind that the French Immigration Society is a power-

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ful institution. It has a large staff of expert agents selecting applicants in Poland itself, and the mass movement of working people it has inaugurated has already become a social phenomenon of vital importance to the country. Including men, women, and children, there are more than 200,000 Polish subjects in our territory. While the individual Pole, isolated from his fellow countrymen, readily becomes a Frenchman, these big alien colonies have their own schools, with their own Polish teachers, and also their own priests. We may admire such efforts to preserve the native intellectual and religious culture; but there are other considerations which we Frenchmen cannot neglect.

Who are the best immigrants? They are artisans and agricultural laborers of hardy races, who are ready, under certain conditions, to settle in France, to strike root here, and to become an integral part of our people. Who are, on the other hand, undesirable immigrants? Those who come to our country for the purpose of saving money and taking it back home again as soon as possible. The foreigners who come to France and colonize in compact groups or join such groups of their compatriots already established in our country, who cling to their national customs and their language, and who tend to create foreign communities that resist assimilation among us, may be of some economic value, but on the other hand they are likewise a just cause for concern.

For example, the situation in Provence demands serious attention. That region is more overrun by foreigners than any other part of France, and, what is worse, by foreigners whose native land borders on our own. This creates a condition that our statesmen cannot afford to overlook. The Italians have the largest foreign colonies within our boundaries.

This brings us back to our initial question. . . . Experience shows that the political leaders even of countries most friendly to France, with the most prolific population, and with an excess of people to dispose of, raise vigorous protests against any suggestion that we try to assimilate part of the immigrants who come to us to earn their daily bread. None of them is willing to let us take a toll for our own nation from the living flesh and blood that crosses our frontier. The Governments of all the countries that send us labor insist that their emigrants retain their nationality, and for precisely the same reasons that we wish them to become Frenchmen.

For some months I have been slowly coming to the conclusion that we need a Ministry of Immigration. Such a Ministry would decide from what countries respectively immigration should be encouraged or discouraged. It would take vigorous measures to stop the growth of foreign colonies in our midst. One of its important tasks would be to distribute immigrants, to scatter them over the country, so that they might not become a problem in any one place. We must not allow little foreign communities to grow among us, where our language is not spoken or understood. It is our right to take any measures we consider expedient to guarantee the character of the France of to-morrow and to forestall dangers that we foresee may threaten her. That right is superior to any right, incompatible with our own, that foreigners may claim to pursue within our territories. Never has the maxim 'Divide and rule' been applied with more justice and legitimacy than it will be in this case.

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CAIRO THIRTY YEARS AGO

BY LADY RODD

From the *English Review, November*
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

[LADY RODD'S husband, Sir Rennell Rodd, was until recently British Ambassador to Italy.]

MY diplomatic reminiscences date from 1894, when I married and went out to Egypt with my husband, who had six months previously been appointed First Secretary in Cairo under Lord Cromer. It being considered inadvisable that I should pass the summer in Egypt, it was decided that our wedding should take place in the autumn, and that in the meantime I should stay in France and endeavor to improve my knowledge of languages and pick up a little information on international manners and customs — in other words, shed some of my insularities before appearing on the cosmopolitan stage.

The social and sporting existence I had hitherto enjoyed was no preparation for a diplomat's wife. Not that I had not followed the annual programme and slipped abroad for a month or two every winter in search of the sun, but the study of the characters and minds of men and women in whose country we traveled had been entirely neglected. To the people I associated with they were just 'foreigners,' or, were they a southern race, 'dagos'—a most offensive appellation, as I was soon to learn, and one calculated to make the English who used it thoroughly disliked, in Egypt especially.

Desirous of making as few mistakes as possible in the future, I decided to enter a Spanish family living in a delightful old French château at Bornel, one hour from Paris, where the Marchesa di San Carlos, with her five daughters, received me as a paying guest. A more gifted family it would be difficult to find, and I soon discovered that there was nothing they could not teach me. I went at it tooth and nail, determined to make the most of this opportunity of improving my mind. I ground away at French, German, and Arabic, taking up the last with the hope that it might facilitate any housekeeping in Egypt, and it certainly did.

Before leaving for his post Rennell put me in the charge of his old chief, Lord Dufferin, then our Ambassador to France, and the only distraction I allowed myself during this strenuous period was to spend Sunday afternoons at the British Embassy after my Arabic lesson in Paris. On the departure of my mother, who had acompanied me to the Continent, Lord Dufferin took me under his wing and introduced me to his family, and many were the occasions on which I enjoyed their kind hospitality and listened to the words of wisdom from the lips of one of the most brilliant diplomats England has ever had. No one could be with Lord Dufferin for any time without feeling that in small as well as great things he was ever on the watch to create the right atmosphere, and a sort of paternal graciousness in him toward young people made him admired and loved by those of my generation.

His mind was as romantic as his appearance, and with a sympathetic listener he would discourse for hours on

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his home, his adored mother, and the beauty and personal history of the past and present Sheridans. Of his own life and experiences I was never tired of hearing, nor of his opinion and criticism of my future husband, about whom he remarked one day, when I told him that the latter had a recurrence of Zanzibar fever in Egypt, 'Dear young lady, those whom the gods love do not always die early. I am an example, and your Rennell will be another, so don't be anxious.'

He sympathized with me cordially over the difficulties of the French language, in which he was really never very proficient, having come to it too late in life; and I believe he considered the French genders an insuperable obstacle to a proper understanding between our two peoples! He confided to me that he kept a little book of genders in his pocket, and when he had five minutes to spare expended them in memorizing a dozen or so. Later, among my wedding presents, I found a little book similar to his own, with a friendly inscription from my old friend recommending me to follow his example.

I left France and my Spanish family, to whom I was very much attached, in September, and prepared for our wedding in October. After a delightful honeymoon in Italy we landed in Egypt at the end of that year. My husband had been lucky enough to find a charming house with a small garden for our first home, and I had the pleasure of furnishing and decorating it, a pleasure which never palls on me. While passing through Italy we had picked up all we required in the way of furniture at prices which nowadays would make people envious. Among our household treasures was an Italian cook, who only deserted us nine years later for a better world, which he certainly merited, if the building of a chapel in his native church at Bari, in the Abruzzi, counted for anything. He left what for a cook was a very considerable fortune, and it puzzled me to understand how it had been built up. But his kitchen account-books, falling into my hands after his death, let me into the secret, for opposite the list of the goods bought daily in the market, with their prices, was another — of the percentages he allowed himself on each article, scrupulously and honestly recorded! If I remember rightly, 10 per cent was the standard observed. Though I may have grudged some cooks their profit, I certainly did not grudge Sabatini's. He was an artist in his line, and as long as he was permitted to cook for us I never had to worry about the food.

We were soon inundated by visitors, friends and relations, all preferring to see the East from the inside rather than as tourists at a hotel. They were much amused by our black servant, Mohammed, a most efficient person, and one of the best-dressed men in Cairo. He spent everything he could get on his personal adornment, and when his own pocket was empty he resorted to other means, more or less honest, to embellish his wardrobe. My maid had been much puzzled by the mysterious disappearance of the best napkins until, happening to look out of the window one day, she saw Mohammed preening himself in the sun, and it struck her, in the strong light, that the design on his white waistcoat was that of the lost napkins. And so it was, but there was nothing to be done about it. We could only admire his ingenuity in the choice of dress materials. But he was as assiduous in the decoration of our dinner table as he was in that of his own person. It was always adequate. In season and out of season we were supplied with the rare and beautiful. Our neighbors had gardens and hothouses; Mohammed had friends, and we had flowers galore.

As soon as possible after my arrival I

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made the acquaintance of the Agency Staff and the principal officials and their wives. Lord and Lady Cromer — or, as they were always called, 'the Lord' and 'the Lady' — were the magnets to whom the hearts and minds of men were drawn. From the first minute of our acquaintance we met on the same plane; as time went on quick friendship deepened into lasting affection, and my admiration grew as I watched them at their work. Lady Cromer in her way was as great a personality as Lord Cromer was in his. Entirely selfless, she kept in touch with everyone, and was always on the spot when her sympathy or advice was enlisted. By her tact and courtesy she was able to repair the rifts which frequently rent the web of this complicated international society. Her likes and dislikes never betrayed themselves, nor do I ever remember seeing her look bored or wearied at the functions and parties she was obliged to give or attend. Gardening was her passion, and it was through her efforts and example that the first horticultural shows in Cairo were established. Many of the Egyptian pashas, who did not know a rose from a cabbage, caught the infection. Prince Hussein, afterward the first Sultan in Egypt, was an ardent horticulturist, his garden being famous for its roses, and he became her ally and the first president of the Horticultural Society. Lady Cromer was quite content to play second fiddle, and many people failed to realize till after her death what a big rôle she had filled.

Cairo society was amusing in those days, in spite of the fact that it had just passed the picturesque stage when the secretaries rode to the Agency on donkeys, and Shepheard's Hotel was the only resort for residents and strangers alike. Winter visitors from all parts of the world came to see, study, and criticize the British occupation of Egypt and wonder wherein lay the secret of the success which undoubtedly it was. One of our first visitors in our new house was Lord Curzon, then George Curzon and unmarried, who stayed with us for a few days on his way from Persia. The experiences of that and several other Asiatic journeys are to be found in his *Problems of the Far East.* My husband most unfortunately had to take his bed with influenza, and it was left to me to entertain his old college friend, whom I knew only slightly. However, he was not difficult to amuse, and we spent several delightful mornings in the bazaars, where I helped him to bargain for treasures which I shrewdly suspected were destined for the beautiful lady to whom, a few months later, he became engaged. With a fascinating personality, and possessed of an infectious gayety, no one could be more audaciously entertaining than our guest, though I doubt whether the victims of his brilliant sallies always appreciated the quickness of his *riposte.* His merciless sense of humor was as exasperating to some as it was diverting to others. Among other visitors that year were Harry Cust, Roddy Owen, the Murray Guthries, Willie Low, and Lord Northcliffe.

On looking back it seems to me that our seniors, in spite of their years and responsibilities, were very young in spirit. On the occasion of the Christmas parties at the Agency, when just the Staff and a few privileged outsiders were present, games and charades were played, and I have distinct recollections at one of them of a tussle between Lord Cromer and Lord Grenfell (then Commander-in-Chief in Egypt) for the same chair in the game of 'bumps.' When 'the Lord' proved the winner, a shout of applause from the Agency Staff hailed the civilian victory. Tennis was Lord Cromer's favorite form of exercise, but I played with him only on

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rare occasions, as he had a profound contempt for mixed doubles. Alas, he never lived to see the great Lenglen at Wimbledon! The Sunday outing to the Zoölogical Gardens was an entertainment he never missed. The Staff met him there and partook of tea and 'squashed-fly' biscuits, the only delicacy provided in those days, and it became the occasion for recounting the local events and gossip of the town, which did not lose in the telling, especially on the part of Arthur Stanley and Harry Boyle, the Oriental Secretary. Anything anyone wanted was passed on to 'the Lord's' ear through the friendly medium of one or other of the circle, and I imagine he must have found it a useful and harmless way of hearing everything that was being said or done in his kingdom.

One of the *corvées* I shared with Lady Cromer was the monthly visit to the Khedivia, the Khedive's mother, at her palace. It was rather an alarming audience, and it fell to the lot of Lady Cromer as *doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique* to make conversation — very trying work, as none of the other ladies gave her any assistance. Subjects of conversation were scarce, and mainly meteorological in character. French was the language — Arabic or Turkish was rarely attempted. We were received at the doors of the harem by innumerable slaves dressed in colored satins and velvets of antique shape of no particular epoch. They conducted us through long corridors to the State drawing-room, where the Khedivia, a very handsome Turkish princess, waved us to seats next her. Coffee was served, and we all waited breathlessly for the ball to be set rolling. It never rolled far, and Lady Cromer had to rack her brains for a new topic every two minutes. After a quarter of an hour of this uphill game we retired gracefully, and I often wondered which had been most bored, the visitors or the visited.

Shortly after my arrival in Egypt, the Khedive Abbas became engaged to one of his mother's slaves, who, we were told, had waited on him as valet in his mother's palace. We were all anxious to see her, as she was rumored to be very beautiful, but an inspection was not permitted us till the wedding eve. It was believed that the Khedivia *mère* did not approve of the engagement. She would have preferred a Turkish princess, someone her equal in rank; but the Khedive consults no one in the choice of his wives, and the marriage was announced. We were delighted to receive an invitation to the pre-nuptial party. It was an interesting experience — repeated three times during my sojourn in Egypt, for the Khedive's two sisters were married in the following year, at the ages of fourteen and fifteen. I attended all three ceremonies, and the procedure was the same in each case. At the young Khedivia's party she made her entrance, with the Khedivia *mère*, dressed in pale-blue satin heavily embroidered, covered with jewels, and wearing a veil. There were present three or four hundred harem ladies, all richly dressed, and without their usual veils. Some of them were good-looking — one or two beautiful — but all had poor figures, judging by European standards. The Oriental does not admire line, but appreciates only a woman whose contours are ample — there should be enough on her bones to shake like a jelly when she moves. Such were the houris I saw enjoying the treat of seeing European women dressed in *décolletée*. I am afraid we did not appeal to them much, nor to the orchestra of so-called 'blind men,' — among whom was sitting, it was said, the Khedive himself, — who were accommodated in a sort of wooden cage to which they were conducted by the eunuchs pre-

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siding over the entertainment. The Khedive was anxious to see for himself what impression his chosen bride would make on the harem and the European ladies, so he chose the only way open to him to do so and became one of the 'blind' fiddlers. The bride was led up to a dais by the mother-in-law and enthroned in a gold chair. Around it we thronged, ready to scramble for the gold coins which presently were scattered in showers at our feet. We managed to get some of the spoil, but I gave mine to Lady Cromer, whose dignity did not allow her to scramble with the rest of us. This ceremony over, we were invited to view the bride's suite of rooms, where the wedding presents from the bridegroom were displayed — they were gorgeous rather than beautiful. After refreshments at a very plentiful and well-served buffet in a tent, we returned home. At the next reception of the Khedivia *mère* the bride was there, but took no part in the conversation, as she knew no language other than Turkish. We, no doubt, formed the subject of conversation afterward, as these receptions, tedious at the time, were the harem ladies' only links with the world outside, unless one may count the French novels that the better-educated among them read in abundance.

I passed the summer in Egypt, and was none the worse for it. It was in the days before the Agency was provided with the sumptuous villa at Ramleh, to which recourse is now had in the summer months; consequently we were obliged to take a villa ourselves near Alexandria, as Cairo after June becomes unbearable for a woman. This added considerably to the cost of living, as it entailed two houses in Egypt and a third in England when we came home on leave. Life in the hot weather was not altogether disagreeable. I got plenty of riding and tennis; and late dinner on the terrace, with bridge or good talk afterward, was always something to look forward to after a hard day's work of fighting against mosquitoes and the inclination to take life too easily. To be idle was to feel the heat, so I volunteered to work in the Chancery, which during the summer months was always understaffed. My assistance in copying letters and in deciphering was most welcome to the one secretary left to my husband, and the work helped me to forget the temperature.

Our house at Ramleh became a sort of club or refuge for the deserted husbands whose wives had fled to England for the summer, leaving them desolate and lonely. We also saw a great deal of the Navy that year, 1895. Prince Alexander of Battenberg was at Alexandria with his lieutenant, Mark Kerr, in command of the Cambrian. In return for our hospitality they helped us to pass the summer by organizing picnics and weekly regattas, to which they also invited those of the Alexandrians into whose circles they had in true sailor fashion immediately penetrated. These circles consisted mostly of Greeks and Levantines, whose facility in talking languages was a perpetual amazement to me. Six or seven foreign tongues were to them quite ordinary endowments.

Unlike my compatriots, the Alexandrian ladies remained in Egypt for the summer — but under what different conditions from those endured by the wives of the poor English officials, whose incomes did not allow of any of the luxuries which make life bearable in a hot climate! The rich Greek and Levantine families in their sumptuous houses, with plenty of servants and first-rate chefs, could bear the damp, sweltering heat of an Egyptian summer with equanimity. For them the day began only about five o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour it became cool

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enough for the ladies to venture to wear their corsets, discarded during the rest of the day. Adorned in the latest of Paris millinery, they then emerged like gay-plumaged birds to dazzle the gaze of their admirers, who were generally to be found sauntering along the fashionable road between Alexandria and Ramleh at that time. As a rule many of these passing apparitions were better seen at a distance, for Alexandrian ladies, like all southern women, overdo powdering their faces, and a very close inspection was necessary to detect whether wrinkled age or blooming youth lurked behind those masks of cream and paint.

In the spring of 1898 I went home with Lady Cromer, accompanied by my boy of three and his German nurse. The accident that befell Lady Cromer on this very rough voyage probably hastened her death, which occurred in the autumn of the same year after her return to Egypt. Always a bad sailor, she lost her balance in descending the companionway, and, falling heavily to the bottom, cut her head open and damaged her arm. She was carried to her cabin and attended to by the ship's doctor, who put some stitches into the cut and bound up her arm. I shall never forget the misery of that passage, on a vessel loaded with onions, the odor of which, combined with the other usual 'ship' smells, soon finished off most of the passengers. I was left to look after Francis, my small son, who was never happy unless climbing up the companion and hurling himself down again regardless of danger to life and limb, as well as poor Lady Cromer, whose condition rendered her as helpless as a baby. Her maid and my German nurse were useless through seasickness, and I was dependent on a good-natured steward, who consented now and again to mount guard over my restless son while I staggered through reeling corridors to visit the invalids. I was thankful to reach land, even though it were only the port of Brindisi, the most God-forsaken place to be stranded in for a week. The shore doctor pronounced Lady Cromer unfit to travel for that period, and naturally I would not think of leaving her at Brindisi alone.

She never quite recovered from her fall, and though soon able to travel home she gradually declined in health. But the will was as strong as ever, and when the moment arrived for Lord Cromer to return to Egypt after his summer holidays she insisted on accompanying him in spite of the doctor's warning that the fatigue of the journey would be too much for her. Their devotion to each other forbade a separation, which perhaps they both knew would have been final. The end came just after the fall of Khartum, leaving 'the Lord' at the pinnacle of his fame, but, alas, a broken-hearted man. His wife's death deprived him of a companionship unique of its kind and essential to a man in his position, to whom society outside his own house did not appeal. As a host he was delightful, but he missed the genial social atmosphere which Lady Cromer had created for him, and entertaining was more of a duty than a pleasure at the Agency after the death of its charming hostess. Cairo has never forgotten her, and for me she remains the ideal of a diplomat's wife.

Among the important and outstanding personages in Cairo in 1894, Sir Herbert Kitchener, as he was then, stands out a rugged Rodin-like figure. For me he was an old acquaintance. Many years previously we had met at the house of a mutual friend, Pandeli Ralli, a neighbor of ours in Surrey. Captain Kitchener, with his wounded arm in a sling, made no particular impression on me, and I remember feeling

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distinctly amazed at our host's admiration for his taciturn, somewhat uncouth, guest. But he saw what I, a very young person, failed to see — that he possessed qualities which, developing later, were to make him the idol of the English people and the savior of his country in 1914. Mr. Ralli never swerved from his faith and devotion to his hero, who enjoyed his generous hospitality as long as he lived, and indeed number 17 Belgrave Square became his permanent London address for many years. To Mr. Ralli also we owe the Herkomer portrait in the National Gallery.

Our arrival in Cairo renewed my acquaintance with Kitchener, and my first official dinner took place at the Sirdarieh, which was more like a museum than a house, for its owner was a 'curiomaniac,' though I fancy his acquisitiveness was sometimes greater than his discrimination. Never was a native house or building pulled down without some emissary from the Sirdar appearing to claim a share of the spoil for his master! As a host he did not shine. He had not the gift of entertaining, and the dinner in question was one of his less successful efforts. Possessing no small change in conversation, the Sirdar gave his two neighbors at the table an anxious time, samples of talk taking the place of a real interchange of ideas, and I am sure there was a feeling of relief on all sides when the ordeal of eating in that barren atmosphere came to an end. There is little doubt that at that period of his career my sex counted very little with him, though later when he came to London as a 'lion' he was forced to acquire more social habits and to endeavor to fill the place on the pedestal which Society insisted on his occupying.

IN RUSSIA'S BORDERLANDS. II

BY DOCTOR ERICH OBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung, October* 1, 5, 12

(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

[This article describes further journeyings in Russia of Dr. Obst of the Hanover Polytechnic School. His first trip, from Moscow to Archangel, was recorded in our issue of October 25.]

During the last few hours the forest has grown appreciably thinner, and now our train is winding its way through broad, grassy pasture lands toward the great iron bridge that spans the Dnieper. The farther bank, of yellowish-brown loess, rises to a height of nearly three hundred feet.

We are ordered to keep the windows closed as our train crawls at a snail's pace across this bridge, for it is an exceedingly important strategic link in Russia's system of communication. But we can see the broad river, more than a quarter of a mile wide, beneath us, and a cluster of golden-domed churches on the heights ahead, where the Lavra, the most famous cloister of Russia, stands.

The railway enters the city by a wide detour through a deep side valley — without, however, reaching the level

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of the older town. Shortly before the war it was planned to erect a new station. The temporary buildings built to serve until its completion are still in use, in all their barren ugliness, surrounded by a chaotic accumulation of bad-order and discarded cars and locomotives.

Steep avenues bordered with magnificent poplar trees lead up to the city, whose site is crevassed by several other gulches similar to the one through which the railway runs. One of these, running approximately at right angles to the river, accommodates the Kreshchatik, or main avenue, nearly one hundred feet wide, upon which are the City Hall, the Stock Exchange, the Post Office, and other public buildings. On one side lies the apartment-house and tenement section occupied by middle-class families, and on the other the former villa-quarter of the aristocracy and the wealthy merchants.

The city's architecture shows little evidence of the fact that it was founded over thirteen hundred years ago. Its famous 'Golden Gate,' or main entrance to the old walled town, built in 1037 A.D., is a heap of miserable ruins, and there are no other structures of venerable date. They have vanished during the innumerable wars and pillagings to which the metropolis of the Ukraine — the border marches — has been a victim during its hazardous and vicissitudinous existence. The many lavishly decorated churches of 'Russia's Jerusalem,' whose towers and golden cupolas rise above the pale-green foliage of the poplar-bordered boulevards, date in their present form from the seventeenth and eighteenth century. Even the Cathedral of St. Sophia, begun between 1027 and 1049 A.D., and the Cloister of St. Michael, founded in 1108, are no exceptions. The recent Revolution and the ensuing civil war have naturally left many newer wounds, for the city changed masters no less than eight times during the late disturbances. The Whites, the Reds, and especially the Poles on their retreat, set fire to many buildings, or wrecked them in order to use the timber for fuel, leaving only the shell standing. The former *Lipki*, or wealthy quarter, has suffered most. It remains to-day an utter wreck, half-hidden beneath the foliage of its unpruned lindens and the blanket of dense vegetation that the southern sun and fertile soil soon spread over everything in this nature-favored land.

But beautiful shade-trees and parks still add a touch of beauty to the harried town, whose population has shrunk from 626,000 to 400,000 since 1914. Unhappily the sunny beauty of nature does not reflect itself in the faces of the people. Both Russians and Jews, of whom more than 120,000 reside in the city, go about with a serious, scowling mien, evidently beset with the cares of daily life. Even the crowds in the recreation parks look sad and depressed. . . .

What is Kief to-day? It possesses several professional schools, surviving from the suppressed University, an Institute of Technology, and an Academy of Sciences. None of these, to be sure, is doing very well — on account of lack of money. How a member of the Academy with a monthly salary of forty-eight rubles, or about $24, which is scarcely half the sum a skilled mechanic earns in Russia, can accomplish much in the way of scientific research is a puzzle that even a Communist might find it difficult to solve. So, while science is apparently thriving at Leningrad, it is vegetating here.

Kief is also the holy city of the Ukraine, and the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who visit it annually make business for its merchants. Religion is clearly more of a factor in this

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region than it is in the north; the churches are often filled to the last seat. Nevertheless the number of pilgrims is far less than formerly. This is partly because the peasants have been so impoverished by war and famine that they cannot go on pilgrimages, no matter how much they desire to do so, and partly a result of the antireligious propaganda of the Bolsheviki. The only place where I saw pilgrims in any number was at the Lavra, and they were mostly elderly women.

That unique cloister, famous not only for its religious sanctity and traditions but also for its art treasures, has been dealt with considerately by the Communists. The church treasures were confiscated, it is true, but they have been deposited within the Lavra, where they form an exceedingly interesting museum, and no valuable pieces have been sold for political purposes. The dark cloister-caverns — deep caves dug in the soft, tertiary sandstone — where hermits used to dwell twelve hundred years ago, in utter seclusion from the world, are still shown by the priests. But the Soviet authorities discourage by all means in their power the faith in miracles that used to be associated with these places. They have even put an Egyptian mummy in the Lavra museum, in order to prove concretely to the pilgrims that the mummified remains of the hermits in their caverns are nothing unnatural.

Kief is also the railway centre and the principal river-port of southwestern Russia. It has large machine shops and several grist mills, tanneries, and woodworking establishments. But manufacturing was never the dominant pursuit. Through-traffic on the Dnieper, which used to extend from Ekaterinoslav to Riga and Danzig, has practically ceased. There is little freight at best, and new political boundaries now interrupt this ancient waterway. All that the river bears on its bosom to-day are an occasional raft of logs and two or three tiny local steamers.

So to-day Kief is mainly a market town for the peasants of the surrounding country. It is likewise a natural centre of Russia's sugar industry. Before the war its Sugar Fair was one of the great mercantile events of the Empire. No less than 198 of the 299 sugar mills in the country were immediately tributary to the city. War and revolution have worked sad havoc with these prosperous establishments, and only eighty or ninety still survive. If I am correctly informed, moreover, they are operating under government control at an annual loss of over $100,000,000 a year. The yield of beets is fairly satisfactory, but shirking labor and blundering management have increased costs so that local sugar costs more than that imported. . . .

Consequently the sugar trade, with all its direct and indirect benefits, languishes. The Sugar Fair is held no longer. A few trust directors meet occasionally where formerly a thousand eager brokers jostled and outbid each other in the public market. This explains why so many of the residents of this beautiful city go about with a gloomy and dejected air. Of its 400,000 inhabitants, well over 60,000 are unemployed.

I have traveled back and forth across the Ukraine in every direction studying the condition of the peasantry, but I am far from professing myself qualified to describe with confidence all the details of their situation. The land is now government property. The magnates and great estate-owners who formerly operated large plantations on a highly industrialized basis have been dispossessed and are naturally dissatisfied. But small proprietors, both old and new, see conditions in a different light.

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Their little holdings continue to be their sole means of support. They subsist after a fashion upon what they raise — as they always did. Communism has not and could not make much change in their condition. It has added slightly to the small proprietor's holdings, and so long as a family cultivates the land it occupies, its title to possession is undisputed. And the peasant does not trouble his head over such abstractions as fee-simple ownership or perpetual leases.

But now that the land has been distributed to the peasants on a more or less final basis, the rural population is confronted with the real task of recovery. It lacks almost everything necessary to put the land to profitable use — cattle, seed, implements. The representatives of the peasants bombard the authorities incessantly with demands for these things, but the authorities have almost nothing to give them. Cultivators cannot independently import the machinery they want, because the Soviet import and export monopoly stands in the way. Peasants are urged to give a preference to Russian products, but they have discovered that these are often of very poor quality, incomparably inferior to those brought into the country from abroad. Beyond all question, the industrial monopolies and tariff barriers created by the Soviet Government come into direct conflict with the interests of the peasantry. Many of the latter are beginning to realize this, and the growing opposition to the Bolshevist authorities, that is replacing former sympathy and friendship, can be traced quite largely to this awakening. . . .

Furthermore, the Russian peasant at the very best is not in a particularly happy situation. His holding, which seldom exceeds ten dessiatines, or fifteen acres, is hardly adequate, under the prevailing slack methods of cultivation, to support a family. It does so only if every member of the family works industriously from dawn till sunset. . . .

Now the politicians and agricultural experts are going through the country telling the peasant about a new form of agriculture — the coöperative estate. Several or all of the peasants of a village are urged to unite their fields and cultivate them in common. The coöperative society is to buy good ploughs, and eventually a tractor, seeders, threshing machines, and all the rest. They will consult together as to what they shall plant, and when. After the crop is harvested, and the tax in kind and the seed for the next season are set aside, each peasant will receive a share of the residue in proportion to the number of hours he has worked in raising it. This share is entirely at his disposal. He can sell it where and when he will, and use the proceeds as he desires. Thousands of these coöperative estates have already been organized, and I have received the impression that they are actually gaining ground at the expense of individual holdings. State subsidies are partly responsible for this.

Our train speeds through the dusty, yellow-brown, Pontic plain toward Odessa. The first view of the city is heartrending. Whole sections lie in ruins and ashes. Barbed-wire entanglements and *chevaux-de-frise* are scattered about as if fighting between the Reds and the Whites had stopped only yesterday. The damage to the suburban portion of the city is so extensive that it will take years and perhaps decades to repair it. Of the 600,000 people who resided here before the war, only a little more than half remain — a mixture of Great Russians, Ukrainians, Greeks, German Russians, Poles, and Jews — more than 150,000 of the latter.

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In striking contrast to the devastated suburbs, the centre of the city is practically untouched. Its broad, well-paved streets, ornate façades, and handsome parks still justify Odessa's old reputation as the best-built city in southern Russia.

A cliff more than a hundred feet high separates the city proper from the magnificent port, where several navies might lie at one time and large modern ocean steamers can tie up directly to the great stone quays. There are nearly four miles of these magnificent wharves, but to-day they stand unoccupied. Where formerly ships waited for days in order to get room for docking, utter silence now reigns. Even the Italians, who have clung to Odessa longer than anyone else, are bringing in practically no freight and are securing no outbound ladings. Occasionally a trifling consignment of grain or a few hides are exported. The elevators, which have a capacity of over 600,000 tons of grain, are practically empty, and the drought has destroyed any present hope of seeing them refilled.

A person who observes the smiling pedestrians on the boulevards, where all seems life and sunshine, is apt to form a false impression of conditions. To be sure, living is easy and cheap: a couple of melons and a little bread are enough to keep body and soul together. But behind her façade of cheerfulness Odessa is suffering bitter want. The retail trade is prospering somewhat and shops are full of wares; for the city remains a market town for the peasants of the interior. But only a few of the machine shops are working; the mills are silent; the distilleries, sugar factories, and other manufacturing establishments, are idle. Only the tanneries and ropewalks seem to have a little business. I am told that from a third to a half of the working population is unemployed.

I had the pleasure of making an automobile trip from Odessa to Nikolaev, the second largest Black Sea port of Russia, in company with the manager of the German-Russian Warehouse and Transportation Company. After driving for a time over a bumpy road, past several *limany*, — or mud-basins fed by the Black Sea, — which are said to possess remarkable curative properties, we reached a broad, prairie dirt road, which we followed for several hours across the monotonous, brownish-gray, dusty steppes. Now and then we passed through a peasant village where the people were threshing their grain on an earthen floor by driving a loaded stone-boat over it. The sun burned unmercifully. We crossed great grassy barrens and vast stretches of stubble without seeing a human being or any other sign of life.

At length we reached the badly shot-up suburbs of Nikolaev, crossed cautiously a pontoon bridge nearly a kilometre long over the Bug, and entered the town proper. It occupies a long tongue of land between the Bug and its sister river, the Ingul. The broad streets are bordered by cozy, cheerful, one- and two-family cottages surrounded by ample gardens, so that, though Nikolaev has only a little more than one hundred thousand population, it covers a very large area. The place impressed me as a quiet residential village rather than as an important seaport.

I expected to find things livelier, however, in the vicinity of the wharves; but I was mistaken. To be sure, the extensive harbor works are imposing. People were still working upon the great docks that formerly were crowded with steamers two and three deep. But all I saw was one little coasting boat — the only occupant of this marvelous port! It made the heart sink to contemplate such desolation.

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While Odessa was always a great importing city — although its exports also were increasing rapidly — the business at Nikolaev consisted almost entirely of outbound shipments, principally of grain. It sent more wheat abroad than did Odessa before the war. In addition, many hundred thousands of tons of iron ore and manganese ore passed across its wharves.

To-day more than half the warehouses have been burned. Rows of huge elevators, capable of holding half a million tons of grain, stand empty. The railway yards and sidetracks are overgrown with grass. A great electric ore-loader on the wharf is rusting in idleness. Some 40,000 tons of iron and manganese ore are stacked near the quays without a purchaser. Lofty gantry cranes tower above vast shipyards where many a Russian battleship and merchant vessel has been launched. To-day these works are silent — as silent as the grave. The only establishment running is a rolling-mill and machine shop, which is said to have eight thousand men on its payroll!

Unhappy city — first the victim of a bitter and protracted civil war, then the centre of one of the worst famines in Russia's history, now in 1924 a second time distressed by a serious drought, and with Bolshevist experiments added to all these disasters — will she ever lift her head again?

A MANOR-HOUSE WEDDING

FROM 'DREAMS OF THE SOIL'

BY S. R. MINZLOV

From *Sovremennya Zapiski, April* 1924
(Paris Russian Non-Bolshevist Literary and Political Bimonthly)

Two *troiki* swung down the driveway to the front of the house with a great din of bells and deposited there the three brothers Kholodov, the bride's gentlemen in waiting. They were tall, athletic fellows whose blond faces differed only in their hirsute adornment: the youngest had a moustache that still looked like a brace of mouse-tails, despite its careful cultivation; the second brother's was more luxuriant, already long and wavy; and the oldest rejoiced in magnificent blond side-whiskers, which clung to his shoulders as he rushed into the vestibule and roared the traditional: —

'The bridegroom is waiting at the church!'

Meanwhile, upstairs in the small pink drawing-room, and in the presence of near relatives only, the blessing of the bride-to-be was taking place. She was pale, and made great efforts not to cry. Her father, in full uniform and with all his decorations, held in both hands an old icon of wrought silver. Maria Nikolaevna, his wife, held a silver tray covered with an embroidered towel, with bread and salt upon it.

Immediately behind the parents stood Semionovna, an old, bent woman with shaking head, the nurse who had

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brought up Xenia, the bride, and her father before her. She directed the ceremony, whispering each minute instruction into the ears of the Admiral and his wife, who had half-forgotten the old traditional ceremonies. A gorgeous embroidered blue-silk shawl was draped round her shoulders.

Matvei Matveevich made the sign of the cross over his daughter with the icon, let her kiss it, and not knowing what to do next was about to hand the sacred image to her. Simultaneously Maria Nikolaevna offered her the bread and salt. The young girl did not know which to take first.

'What — what are you doing?' whispered old Semionovna. 'You must exchange the things between you first! Indeed, you have n't any sense! Don't drop it! Holy saints!'

Finally the bread and salt were in the father's hands and the icon in the mother's, as custom required, and the latter in her turn blessed her daughter.

'Let her kiss the bread!' whispered Semionovna again. 'That's it, that's it. Now, Xeniushka, bow to the ground! Bow low to your father and mother!'

This having been done in proper form, it was now Xenia's duty to say farewell to the members of her parental household. Maria Nikolaevna was deeply moved. The Admiral tried to look solemn and imposing. The black eyes of Xenia's maiden aunt were moist and shiny, and when her turn came she threw her arms impetuously around her niece's neck, pressed her cheek against that of the girl, and began to weep irrepressibly.

Instantly Xenia was in tears. 'Auntie! Auntie!' she tried to quiet the emotional Princess Nadejda, 'why are you crying? Why — ?' But she knew that she herself could not resist the same impulse, that this bright spring shower must perforce christen this great day of her life when she was saying farewell to her carefree childhood and greeting her new happiness.

Old Semionovna, too, wept without restraint. 'Good, my darling, good! That is just it! Everything nice, everything as the Lord has ordered it!' she mumbled with great emotion, coughing and shaking her head violently.

'Now that's enough! That's enough!' the aunt admonished Xenia, trying to conquer her own emotion. 'It's time to go to church! Oh, you are a little fool!' She made a severe face and ran out of the room, waving her arms energetically.

'The bridegroom is at the church!' a voice announced, this time on the threshold of the pink drawing-room. A military academy youth in full dress uniform stood there at attention, with a big bouquet of roses for the bride. Beside him stood a small boy with flaxen curls, in a light-blue Russian shirt. He had a very earnest, somewhat frightened expression and held tightly to his breast a small icon. Another boy of fourteen, Xenia's brother and already a military cadet, stood behind them.

Matvei Matveevich, with his daughter — a dream of white flowers and laces — on his arm, descended the stairs. At the foot he yielded his place to Nakladov, the bride's gentleman in waiting. Thereupon a multicolored human stream, preceded by the small boy carrying the icon, descended the verandah steps and advanced along the central walk of the park. The church was just outside the manor grounds.

When the procession reached a turn in the avenue the white walls of the church appeared, surrounded by a village crowd in brilliant blue and red shirts and dresses. At the entrance of the park two small flaxen-haired urchins stood watch. As soon as they sighted the procession they took to their heels like hares and flew toward the church

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door, waving their hands and shouting: 'They're coming! They're coming!'

The big church bell gave a mighty clang and the smaller bells chimed in to greet the bride as she reached the door. They continued to ring merrily until the end of the procession was engulfed by the church entrance. Then they ceased abruptly; but the echoing air still vibrated for a time over the heads of the surrounding throng.

Matvei Matveevich and Maria Nikolaevna, in obedience to old tradition, remained at home. The Admiral paced back and forth on the verandah and smoked. His wife sat in an armchair. The old nurse was seated on the upper verandah-step. She bent her body slightly forward as if bowing, and muttered to herself, while her dim eyes stared steadily at the park avenue in front of her. Once in a while an irresistible paroxysm of coughing shook her. A bowl of wheat and hops stood by her side. The silver icon and the bread and salt were upon the table, and the Admiral glanced at them often as he passed by.

'You're coughing all the time. Did you take the pills I gave you?' Maria Nikolaevna asked Semionovna.

'And how can I?' the old servant retorted. 'The minute I take them into my mouth the cough seizes me; and I could n't hold a bear in my mouth then, much less those tiny pills of yours. They shoot right out!'

'What nonsense!' said Maria Nikolaevna. 'I'll give you some drops.' Semionovna waved her hand in disdain.

At that moment they heard the church bells peal forth. The Admiral stopped short and listened. Maria Nikolaevna stood up, close to the massive balustrade of the verandah.

'Entering the church!' old Semionovna whispered piously, and began to pray, crossing herself.

A band of musicians had posted themselves in the flower garden. Their leader, a gallant-looking under-officer with martial moustache, briskly saluted the Admiral, who ordered him to bring the band closer to the steps. Meanwhile, servants and dependents of the family began to fill the verandah behind the Admiral and his wife. Chambermaids, the fat cook, the sullen housekeeper, little errand-maids, smoothed down their dresses with an earnest look. All had their hair oiled profusely and were in holiday attire.

Again the bells rang out, followed by a roar of cheering. Several female figures appeared at the head of the avenue, running wildly, their dresses flapping in the wind.

'All through! They're coming back!' they screamed out of breath. These were the more enterprising maids who had managed to slip away to witness the ceremony. The band made ready. Semionovna stood up on her feeble legs, holding the bowl in her left hand.

'Take the holy image!' she instructed Matvei Matveevich. 'And thou,' she continued to Maria Nikolaevna, 'bless them with the bread and salt, then let them kiss it. Just as soon as they come in, bless them, both of you at once. And don't mix up things again!'

The sound of the approaching procession drew nearer. Something white appeared in the avenue. The band-leader raised both hands over his head, spread out his fingers like antlers, and remained motionless, rolling his eyes fiercely. The musicians hardly breathed.

Like a picture in a frame of green foliage, Xenia appeared on her husband's arm, followed by multicolored waves of guests. The band-leader threw himself forward as if to dive, and a glad greeting-march burst forth. The newly married pair advanced and knelt on the upper step before the parents, who waited for them ceremoniously.

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The icon glittered in the sun; Maria Nikolaevna held the bread and salt.

'Live happy! Live wealthy! Health for many years to come!' the old nurse said, throwing handfuls of wheat and hops at the couple.

'Hurrah!' the oldest Kholodov shouted, and the cheers that followed drowned the sound of the music.

After the blessing and the exchange of kisses with father, mother, and Semionovna, the bride and groom were completely surrounded by the crowd of servants. Some kissed Xenia, others her husband; some tried to seize their hands to kiss them. Greetings and wishes of health and happiness sounded everywhere. In the doorway the young couple met another shower of hops and wheat, and the old mansion instantly became alive as a beehive. In the courtyard a throng of neighborhood peasants stood waiting with bread and salt, and in a separate group were the drivers of the numerous carriages that had brought guests from near and far.

'Congratulations on your marriage!' roared the whole courtyard, when the couple appeared on the rear steps.

'The health of the bride and groom!' roared the voice of Iurii Kholodov, as soon as they returned to the big hall. He raised his glass of champagne high and emptied it at a draught. The house trembled with the hurrahing and the blare of the band, while the people in the courtyard picked up and repeated the cheering. 'Bitter! Bitter!' sounded right and left. And to make the guests' wine less bitter, the young couple, prompted from all sides, kissed each other once, and then, at the insistent demand of their guests, again and again.

The company began to seat itself at several dinner-tables. The parents and the young husband's mother sat opposite the young couple. In the garden, under the open windows, a cornet-à-pistons sounded, crystal-clear, a well-known opera air. A chorus of instruments repeated it, then stopped short; and suddenly, like a swarm of merry butterflies from the open air, the ethereal waltz from *Evgenii Onegin* fluttered in.

The noisy dinner, with its speeches and cheering, lasted about three hours. Then with flushed cheeks and rather heavy gait, the guests scattered to their rooms, to rest and perhaps to take a nap.

Every room was crowded. The maids were breathless, running about with pillows, packages, and dress boxes, and serving soda water, that inevitable companion of great gastronomic feats. The feminine world occupied the third floor, and sentries, in the persons of two oily-headed and alert little girls, sat on the upper steps to warn off chance male intruders; because the ladies' dinner frocks had been exchanged for light kimonos and boudoir gowns. The men's apartments were shrouded in dense blue smoke. Uniform and dress coats were discarded, and uproarious laughter sounded from the open windows. The younger set did not care to rest, but scattered through the park, where their clear voices could be heard calling in all directions. The servants' quarters and outbuildings were crowded with maids, coachmen, and musicians. A heavy odor of hot black bread and *shchi* filled the air; emergency cooks, with cheeks aflame from standing before the fire, smartly repelled at the tops of their lungs the advances of overbold admirers, and carried to the table fresh bowls of shchi and meat. Besides vodka, everyone had the right to a bottle of beer, and these bottles already stood like a dense thicket upon the tables.

Toward six o'clock in the afternoon the sleepy house began to stir again. The dining-tables were carried into the

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garden and stood in a long line along the avenue. Wires were stretched overhead, and Chinese lanterns were hung over the tables, around the verandah, and in the trees. Several men busied themselves preparing for the illumination, under the guidance of Xenia's young brothers.

Great activity was developing in the ladies' apartments. Maids bumped into each other as they hurried hither and thither with curling-irons, flatirons, and pins. The guests were getting ready for the ball. Just when the sun set in a vermilion sky, the march from *Faust* — invitation to a dance — sounded from downstairs.

File after file, the gayly dressed guests descended from all sides into the spacious room. The countless candles in the old bronze candelabras and crystal chandeliers were not yet lighted, but still hung in their cobweb of igniting thread.

There was no arguing over who was to lead the dance. Iurii Kholodov always assumed this rôle and had no rivals in it. Presently the polonaise struck up, and the column formed. Immediately behind the bride and groom stood the Admiral with the young husband's mother. His wife and brother were next in line. Further down seniority was not observed. Iurii Kholodov, the leader, stationed himself at the head of the column with his partner, Musia Tainova, a very young and very pretty child in a pale-pink frock, her cheeks glowing with embarrassment and pride. Kholodov looked majestic. His blond whiskers swept gracefully down from either side of his face; his nostrils were dilated.

'Gentlemen,' he commanded, 'kiss your ladies' hands! Ladies, curtsey to the gentlemen!' Upon which he bowed low to his lady and kissed her thin little hand. In an affected and ceremonious manner he then led the stately promenade around the house, through the drawing-room and the Admiral's study. As soon as the dancers returned into the hall, which by that time was darkening with approaching dusk, lively sparks ran up and down the threads connecting the hundreds of candles. Diamonds and pearls sparkled, gowns looked more ethereal, faces became more expressive and animated. The older guests took seats along the walls or looked in through the doorways, while the dancers circled in a waltz.

The bride and groom and the brothers Kholodov never sat down a minute. Iurii Kholodov beat all his previous records in inventing new figures and tricks. He shouted jokes in a tremendous voice as he danced. The ball reached its apogee when, about eleven o'clock, supper was served in the garden and the avenue was lighted up with the dim and uncertain flickering of the Chinese lanterns. Fire-pots filled with tallow flared up, smoking and sputtering, casting huge, shaky shadows upon the house, the trees, and the people. The dancers came out to watch the fireworks that shot up from the depths of the garden into the black sky. A talking, laughing throng filled the avenue. The foliage varied its color every minute under the changing lights of the Bengal candles, and beneath its fairy canopy stood a fairy crowd, now purple, now blue, now golden.

Supper was over. The great *mazurka* from the opera, *A Life for the Tsar*, invited the guests again to the dance. All hurried back to the ballroom to see this foremost dance of the Slavs. Pair after pair glided past. Handsome Sokoltsov advanced nonchalantly. The brothers Kholodov attracted general attention. The uncouth Ofrosimov jumped out of measure, turning his head away stupidly, like a side-horse in a troika, his face expressing both embarrassment

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and delight. The bride, rosy and happy, dancing with Iurii Kholodov, swept past like an ethereal white cloud beside her tempestuous partner, who performed incredible feats with his legs.

A waltz followed the mazurka.

It was dawn. Dark groups of trees were distinctly outlined against the pale-gray sky. Some guests prepared to leave.

'Ladies! Gentlemen!' shouted Iurii Kholodov, the leader, standing under the great chandelier. 'Nobility knows no traitors! Terpsichore wants more victims! I swear to dance until sunrise!'

'And I! And I!' several voices acclaimed approvingly. 'Long live Kholodov! Long live the nobility!' The house shook with their shouts, and the couples waltzed on.

The sun had risen. The surviving candle-stubs shed a yellowish, unnecessary light on pale and rather haggard countenances, disarranged hair, uncurled locks; dresses and guests looked faded. Old people slumbered in their armchairs in awkward postures. The musicians did not really play any longer, but blew away at random. A crazy tuba would emit lonely roars and repeat them without sense or measure; horns piped out of tune; and the clarinet performed a sort of goose solo: *Ga-ga-ga!*

But the young people were happy and merry. Even the taciturn talked, the serious laughed, the dull seemed witty. They greeted the rising sun on the verandah and felt as if they had never known before what it means to breathe the early fragrance of flowers and to see the first crimson morning rays upon the tops of linden trees.

Champagne was served for the last time.

Arsenii Kholodov stood in a theatrical pose at the head of the steps, stretching out his hand with a wine-glass in it, to greet the rising sun. The *malinovki* twittered in the bushes.

'I sing to thee, Hymen, the god . . .' Kholodov intoned the famous, mighty epithalamium from Rubinstein's *Nero*. An outburst of applause greeted him.

People now began to leave for good. An avalanche of carriages moved on through the park gates and then divided into smaller streams in different directions. The guests, wrapped in cloaks and capes, slept, leaning toward whatever lent them support, nodding and bowing at every jolt. Only the very young were still alert. They looked at the awakening earth with wide-open eyes, and inhaled, together with the morning air, happiness and joy without end.

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THE SIN OF CLASSIFYING NOVELS

BY A. B. WALKLEY

From the *Times*, *July* 30
(London Conservative Daily)

Last week I had occasion to refer to a translation from Proust in the current issue of the *Criterion*. Another paper in that highly interesting periodical tempts me to comment — a paper by Miss Virginia Woolf, which seems to have been previously read to a society with the alluring name of the Cambridge Heretics, on 'Character in Fiction.' We can be heretics without going to Cambridge, and I should like to express my dissent from the orthodox doctrine of Miss Woolf. I say orthodox, because she holds with the world at large — and more particularly with Mr. Arnold Bennett — that the vital thing in a novel is the study of character. She quotes Mr. Bennett: 'The foundation of good fiction is character-creating and nothing else . . . style counts; plot counts; originality of outlook counts. But none of these counts anything like so much as the convincingness of the characters. If the characters are real the novel will have a chance; if they are not, oblivion will be its portion. . . .'

I am well aware that most people are of this opinion. They break novels up into the components of characterization, style, plot, and so forth, and say the greatest of these is characterization. They classify novels by the subject matter as novels of character, novels of incident, novels of manners, military novels, sporting novels, slum novels, detective novels, *e via dicendo*. On the same principle, pictures are classified as landscapes, seascapes, portraits, anecdote pictures, and so on. There is nothing to be said against such a classification as a mere convenience, but I submit that it is irrelevant and entirely false as a criterion of distinction between novelist and novelist, artist and artist. To say that Constable painted landscapes and Turner seascapes and Frans Hals portraits gives us no insight into the art of Constable, Turner, or Hals. To say that the novels of Miss Austen or Tolstoi are studies of character is to tell us nothing distinctive about the art of Miss Austen or Tolstoi.

We are misled by these categories of mere convenience. We are especially misled when we say that such and such a category indicates superiority and another inferiority. A novel is a work of art and, as such, the expression of the artist's intuitions. Who is to say that his intuitions will result in good or bad expression according as they come from this or that source, that only intuitions of character successfully expressed (or, in Mr. Bennett's words, 'the convincingness of the characters') 'count,' and that other intuitions, however successfully expressed, comparatively do not? How can we lay down any such hard-and-fast law? Shall we not rather say that the artist does not pick and choose his intuitions, but gets them where he can, from life at large, or rather from the vision of life imposed on him by his individual temperament? Life, of course, is mainly exhibited in the concrete examples of human beings, their characters and actions, and the artist's vision of life can hardly avoid them. The novel in general, then, will

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almost automatically be a novel of character.

But that is not the contention of Mr. Bennett and Miss Woolf. They say in effect that the novel, to be a good novel, *must* be a novel of character; that only the 'creation' of character 'counts.' Miss Woolf, to be sure, seems at one moment inclined to hedge. After instancing various great novels — and I don't carp at her list — she adds: 'In all these novels, all these great novelists have brought us to see whatever they wish us to see through some character. Otherwise they would not be novelists, but poets, historians, or pamphleteers.' Quite so. But is n't this getting a long way from Mr. Bennett's position? We all understand that a novelist is not speaking in his own person (or, if he does, so much the less novelist he), that he must bring us to see whatever he wishes us to see *through* some character; but that, I need hardly say, is a very different thing from the elaboration of character in itself.

Let us take one of Miss Woolf's instances, *Pride and Prejudice*. According to our rough classification for convenience, we should certainly have to call that a novel of character. In thinking of it, we think of Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy, of Lady Catherine and Mr. Collins. But will anyone contend that it is the 'convincingness' of these characters that establishes the quintessential quality of Miss Austen's art? Certainly they are 'convincing,' because the artist's intuitions have been successfully expressed. But is n't there much more in it than that? Does not our pleasure arise, not from the author's concentration upon character, but from her humor, her irony, her implications, her whole outlook on life? To dissect the book into characters, plot, style, is to kill it. They are all rolled into one, form and content are one, and *Pride and Prejudice* is *not* great because it is a novel of character, but because it is a novel by Jane Austen.

I will suggest another example, *The Ambassadors* of Henry James, the most conspicuous case I know of a novelist 'bringing us to see whatever he wants us to see *through* some character.' Everything in the book is seen through the eyes of Strether. It is marvelous, indeed, the way in which the author sticks to that single point of view — he seems to be doing it for a wager. Strether has a character that is minutely elaborated by the way; the 'peripety,' the complete revolution in his character in the course of the story, is one of its chief points. But it would be absurd to call *The Ambassadors* a novel of character. It is that incidentally, but only incidentally; the real point of the book is elsewhere, in its presentation of moods and minds, in its piquant contrasts of New England puritanism and the lighter, easier *ethos* of cultured Paris. If *The Ambassadors* is — as I venture to think — a great novel, it is great not as a novel of character but because it is a novel of Henry James at his best.

I suggest, then, that we abandon this habit of classifying novels by their subject matter, giving good marks to one category — 'character' — and marks not so good to any of the others, and recognize that the art of the novelist consists in the spirit which informs it — the veracity, the sensitiveness, the vividness — and not in the matter on which it works. In a sense, as I have freely admitted, every novel must be a novel of character, but its quintessential virtue for us may be something quite different. Take the most recent of all examples, *A la recherche du temps perdu*. How crowded that canvas is with every type of character! What a stupendous feat of character-creating is Charlus! Yet we know that

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the most valuable things in the whole work are not the characters, but the ideas, the new and really exciting exposure to view of the secrets of the mind, and the delicate sense of what may be called temporal color. . . .

I beg pardon, I had forgotten Miss Woolf, whose article, for that matter, pursues a path too difficult for my feet. She divides certain novelists into two sets, Edwardian and Georgian, and I happen to have found it, in Mr. Birrell's immortal phrase, 'easy and even helpful' to read very little of one set and nothing at all of the other. Further, she has discovered that 'on or about December 1910 human character changed.' I wonder if this prodigious event escaped Old Moore. But why worry about almanacs — is n't human character changing every blessed moment of our lives?

MR. 'DOLLAR MAN'

From *Kathimerini, September* 3
(ATHENIAN OPPOSITION DAILY)

[THIS article is one of those entitled 'Chronicles of the Day,' without which no Athenian daily is complete.]

A CALM summer night. Here and there an automobile growling in the distance, then its fan of white light breaking the darkness, and then again the same calmness, the same peace. In front of us stretches the Saronic Gulf, inky black, immersed in deep slumber. The golden ribbons of the electric lights falling in the water are still. The 'boss' of the establishment, bent over on his bench, is struggling desperately against an overmastering desire to sleep. The waiters gaze at the stars and yawn.

From time to time the orchestra plays a selection, whereupon the few customers open their eyes, only to return shortly to their slumber and to their dreams.

This is an all-night restaurant. It has a cold buffet, beer, wines, an orchestra, and dancers. To-night, however, it is desperately dull. There is no movement, and one imagines every moment that almighty Sleep will spread her wings and cover with them musicians, dancers, customers, and waiters.

Nothing is more lugubrious than an amusement centre without movement. It is as if this little world were keeping a vigil around a dead friend. Even the orchestra seems to sob. One of the girls who appears on the platform to sing a song makes the impression of a worthy housewife weeping over the loss of her departed relatives for centuries back.

All of a sudden a distant noise, followed by screeches, growls, and cries, as if a pig were being slaughtered, is heard outside. It is only an approaching motor-car, coming to a stop in front. A stocky, square-built man, strong-framed and well set up, steps out and enters. He has all the earmarks of an emigrant just back from America: a gray soft hat on his head, a gray suit of clothes well fitted to his powerful figure, and a multitude of golden things attached to his person —

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large and small chains, *breloques*, and rings. He even has gold in his mouth, so that whenever his lips open it seems as if he had chewed so much of that precious metal that some of it had clung to his strong teeth.

He enters with the air of a conqueror taking possession of a city. Rather, he invades the room, and the whole place immediately wakes up. The lights take on an added brilliancy; they sparkle and glow; the orchestra is all alert; the 'boss' quickly wins his struggle against sleep; the waiters are as if electrified.

The visitor seats himself at a table and orders refreshments. The dancing girls surround him, or rather fall on him, like a flock of hungry crows. The square-built man, in whose mouth gold sparkles and whose movements and eyes and voice and smiles all suggest gold, orders champagne. By this time the whole place is in a turmoil. Gloom vanishes. One hears a succession of orders given to the servants; dishes, glasses, and bottles rattle cheerily; waiters run frantically to and fro; the musicians are in full swing.

The Dollar Man lights a cigar and sits smoking, drinking, and talking. A dozen women surround him. A half-dozen waiters are at his service. The dancers drink like so many water snakes, new bottles keep arriving, everything is full of motion. The leader of the orchestra comes up and asks the Dollar Man whether he desires the musicians to play any particular selection. The Dollar Man fills his mouth with smoke, blows it high toward the ceiling, and answers 'No.' The best food of the place is set before him — ices and salads and fruits. Champagne bottles are set in a row, one after the other, as soon as they are emptied, until they form a veritable army of Bacchic trophies. The Dollar Man eats and drinks, and smokes, and clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth. He treats the girls with consideration, and they, fascinated by the glittering of his gold, pay him fulsome compliments. They smile at him languorously, and seem to show great attention to whatever he has to say; but most of all they keep drinking, while columns of bottles, growing longer and longer, stretch across the floor.

No one pays any attention to the other customers; they might as well be dead, so far as further service is concerned.

We rise to leave, gloomier than ever, and nobody notices our departure. The orchestra is playing for the Dollar Man, and the waiters see only him. In fact, the whole world belongs to the man from America.

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MODERN TENDENCIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE

BY KARL VOSSLER

From the *Neue Freie Presse, September* 21
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

MODERN life as a whole has quickened its pace, and the hasty spirit of the times has affected even the Italians whom, thirty years ago, we thought of as a fortunate race, dwelling in quiet comfort under smiling skies. Yet even then it was possible to sense moods, feelings, opinions, and points of view that were already pushing this land of quietness and calm out into the European turmoil of clashing minds and races and classes, and that ultimately forced it into the World War.

Comparing the literature of the years before the war — that is the years near the turn of the century — with that of to-day, one cannot escape the impression that in place of single great and complete personalities like Carducci, Fogazzaro, Verga, d'Annunzio and Pascoli, a throng of immature artists — uneasy, nervous, shattered — have sprung up, among whom scarcely one emerges as a great leader and master. A tumult of voices, loud and many-toned, often impure, has arisen, in which it is hard to distinguish any common note. That it should be so is comprehensible when one considers how this country has been affected by the rivalries of political, social, economic, and religious interests. In every field of human activity the inheritance of earlier generations is shaken. The constitution, the laws, the schools, are now threatened, now revivified, by a spirit of initiative such as Italy has not experienced for a long time. The literary and artistic inheritance of the fathers is being torn to pieces by the sons — or so at least it seems at first glance.

I am almost ready to believe that d'Annunzio's muse is exhausted, for she has constantly devoted herself, with ready complacency, to the pleasures and successes of the moment. The tone, the melody, the harmonious perfection of his works — though when I say this I am thinking only of his best lyrics, poems, novels, plays, and stories — have but a brief appeal and little echo. In spite of all its refinement, d'Annunzio's fashionable art, always new and always freshly decorated, has points of resemblance to the folk poems with their facile, narrow, and petty synthesis, their monotonous tone, their lack of intellectual and emotional depth.

When the veils of illusion have been stripped away, what remains of d'Annunzio's artistic life is a pleasant yet tormenting stimulation of sensuality, a titillation, an intoxication, a luxurious love of pleasure, and animal passion like that which jubilates and laments in the ancient songs of an untutored southern tribe. This eternal smack of earth, with its bittersweet flavor, has a kind of immortality; but d'Annunzio's effort to mingle it with the savors of civilization and adapt it to them will in the end be lost and forgotten — it will not be perpetuated and made eternal. Even d'Annunzio himself has grown somewhat tired of this cosmetic art of his. He has enjoyed the applause of the public and the

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critics in generous measure. His wonderful gift is generally recognized, no one questions it; but the riddle of his poetry has been solved, and it is no injustice if the careful critics who through long years have occupied themselves delightedly with his work at length cease to find him either interesting or puzzling.

One aspect of his life work, however, which is frankly not literary but rather oratorical, political, warlike, or nationalistic, still has modern significance. His typical displays of boldness in the war and during the fighting over Fiume, his speeches, pronunciamentos, and decrees, his coöperation and his rivalry with Mussolini, the leadership that won him his princely title, were all surprises to those who wished to regard him as a mere artist in words; and they were an inspiration to the young men of Italy, to the Arditi and the Fascisti.

This tendency toward activity, toward sport, toward national energy for its own sake, is still at work, and to-day foreign and domestic policy must reckon with it, both as a force and as a danger. No doubt it carries its literary, fantastic, and æsthetic origin plainly inscribed upon its forehead. No doubt, too, it is more and more degenerating into a thoughtless, adventurous, and irresponsible recklessness which, though useful in time of war and revolution, can become a source of trouble in time of peace. In this respect d'Annunzio's influence may be compared with that of the French writer Maurice Barrès, though with the difference that, while Barrès was probably superior in political ability to his Italian fellow-thinker, he lagged far behind him in literary gifts.

The three or four decades before the war were, all things considered, a literary period of unusual achievement for Italy, and literary criticism had a pleasant field of labor in determining the value of all the writings that appeared. More than any one else, it is Benedetto Croce who has refined this criticism, given it philosophic depth, sharpened its conscience, and so firmly established its methods that not only did the historians, the literary historians, and the philologists of all Europe find their work advanced, but even the writers of whom Croce wrote discovered, with some few exceptions, that the clarity of his opinions had helped them.

Italian futurism conducted itself with peculiar absurdity in the years before the war. When the leader of this movement, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (born December 22, 1878, in Alexandria, Egypt), gave the world from Milan its first intimation of this movement, no one knew what to make of it or what it might become. People did not know whether they were dealing with a joker, a genius, or a fool. Did he seek to shatter all culture? To annihilate the whole artistic past? To give the finishing blow to all historical thought? Or was he merely trying to tickle, with a few new literary inspirations, the poor bourgeois — the main target of the romantics — who had already let so many artistic programs glide over his head, patiently and with complete indifference? Presently it began to appear that he was shrilling in the market place in an exaggerated endeavor to imitate such neo-romantics as Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Verhaeren. For the Milanese futurists sought, like them, to smash all recognized forms of literature — even grammar. Among the various nations they betrayed a preference — next to the Italians, of course — for the French.

But futurism was not satisfied with literary and linguistic revolt. All the arts were to be freed from the burden of the past and of the tradition. Move-

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ment, speed, strength, dynamism, are the words that perpetually recur among their innumerable manifestoes. Futurist music seeks to reproduce all kinds of violent din — the rattle of the rain and the hail, motor horns, the clatter of a railway train, the explosions of a motor, steamboat whistles, sirens, the hammering of factories and machinery. Special instruments — '*rombatore*,' '*fischiatore*,' '*gorgoliatore*,' '*scrosciatore*' — are devised for the purpose. This coarsening and sensualizing of the arts finally went so far that in January of 1921 Marinetti announced in Paris and Geneva the discovery of an art based on the sense of touch — tactilism.

After the World War the futurists joined forces with the Fascisti with whom they felt a spiritual relationship, and Marinetti went hand in hand with Mussolini, publishing a book which he called *Futurism and Fascism* and in which he lauded his own coöperation.

Marinetti can hardly be regarded as a great poet. His lyrics and his novels testify to a fantastic mood dealing with every object in the external world, but caricaturing them with sportive violence, cursing them, parodying them, but taking nothing up into itself to give it form. Grotesque, metaphorical, gesticulating, histrionic, excitable, imitative, this art remains fundamentally without a soul.

I might almost maintain that the whole futurist movement — no matter how national it may pretend to be, and no matter how nationalistically it may act — is really un-Italian. Literary criticism has often bestirred itself to point out the relationship of futurism with d'Annunzio on one hand and with Pascoli on the other. No doubt such a relationship exists, for, even among those masters who preceded futurism, art was on the point of becoming a fixed idea or a mania which in no way represented the meaning and the seriousness of existence, but sought rather to lift itself out of the world and to create things there. Literature, not content to be its own goal, seeks to subject all reality to itself, and as the leader and forming principle in life to turn this vale of tears into a fantastic paradise or a theatrical hell in a comedy of dreams.

In the hands of d'Annunzio and Pascoli literature has become a means of intoxication or a narcotic, and Marinetti himself has good reason to describe himself as 'the caffeine of Europe.' For a hundred years our own romantics have attempted, with a similar literary purpose, to relax the boundaries between literature and science, dream and reality, art and life, and have endeavored to remould the world nearer to the desire of their own overmastering egos. For anyone capable of historical insight, therefore, there is no longer any doubt about the fact that futurism represents the last, the crudest, and the most violent phase of romanticism.

However much evil may be said of futurism, one bit of praise we must grant it: whether excellent or tedious, at least it does not try to make a business success of literature.

It is not easy, pen in hand, to charm men or entertain men. Guido da Verona, who was born in 1881 in the province of Modena, is upon occasion one who achieves this most successfully. His novels, *L'amore che torna* (1908), *Colei che non si deve amare* (1910), *La vita comincia domani*, (1912), *Mimi Bluette* (1915), *Sciogli la treccia, Maria Magdalena* (1920), *Lettere d'amore alle sartine d'Italia* (1924), are scattered by the hundreds of thousands of copies, and even more. They are incomparably aphrodisiac — a perfumed sensuality and a lyricized vulgarity.

Less adroit and less successful, but

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with far more intellectual content, is another of d'Annunzio's brood — Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, who was born in 1882 in Sicily. There is no room here to speak of his profound labors in literary history, of his journalistic activity, or of his book on Germany, *La nuova Germania*. As a thinker, Borgese rests under the influence of Benedetto Croce, whose thought for years has given him no rest, since he can neither join Croce's school nor break entirely away from it. In 1921 he published his novel *Rubé*, which is significant because it shows so clearly what the years since the war ended have meant in Italy. It is important alike as the interpretation of a period, as a confession, and as a picture of the time, and valuable both as a human and as an historical document because the personal moods of his creator are interpreted in the chief character. Filippo Rubé is representative of his nation and of his author's generation — namely, the generation of Italians that was reaching its forties in 1920. Rubé, indeed, is presented as an exceptional individual and as an outspoken Southern Italian, untouched by modern life; but he appears primarily to be an exaggerated example of Italian national characteristics who as an individual has been smitten with the Nordic maladies of intellectualism, self-display, and simultaneous over- and under-valuation of himself.

The most recent and auspicious change in Italian literary taste is already appearing in various localities and with manifold aspects. The transformation must be carefully sought, for it is not — and God be praised for that! — organized. It forces no programme upon the market, and compares favorably with such movements as expressionism, symbolism, dadaism, and futurism, — which are international and metropolitan, — if only by virtue of its tendency toward restraint, in which it contrasts with all the others. It is a return to the native tradition, a gathering up of what has been handed down of old. This shows itself, for example, in the lively stories of Guido Gozzano (1883 to 1916), and in his light and delicate lyrics, a little volume of which appeared at Milan in 1911. The poet, during a period of illness, dreams with a tender longing of the days of his grandmother, and humorously represents himself as the romantic youth he then was. The era of the romantics — which owes its fame to his heroic demand for freedom — seems to him narrow, out of date, mouldy, and tasteless, and yet in spite of all this he finds it a simple and charming little world because it is so lovably commonplace. In these lyric whimsies, which in some ways recall the French Catholic poet, Francis Jammes, we find a playful tenderness and an ironic regret over trivialities which now are withered and faded. This sentimental brooding, tempered by self-ridicule, over the old Turin and the Piedmont of Alfieri's and Massimo d'Azeglio's time might seem a kind of snobbishness were it not written with so true a literary touch that one comes to feel the poet cannot write otherwise. Knowing that his life was threatened by consumption, and feeling that activity was denied him and his future cut off, the young poet turned to the roots of the stock from which he had sprung and, sensitively aware of the problems of his time, interpreted the joys and sorrows of his fellows. From his clear insight into the conditions of the life he himself was leading, Gozzano won a balance and a noble inner definiteness of expression, and while he was still a young man attained the classic mildness and restraint of age.

As Gozzano in his stories gives us

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the life of the Piedmont, so Carlo Linati, born in Como in 1878, with his meditative prose brings before our eyes Lombardy and its memories of Manzoni. His book of travel, *Sulle orme di Renzo, pagine di fedeltà lombarda*, pictures the art, speech, literature, customs, and landscape of the Lombard plain as it is and as it was — all this upon a single intellectual level.

The mild dislike of the Lombards for the rest of Italy is personified in the distinguished but unfortunate author, Gian Pietro Lucini, who died in 1914, and in whose work resounds a bitter note of Lombard defiance which contrasts sharply with his gay recollections of Manzoni.

To this native art, which prefers to be historical and national rather than naturalistic, I might also add *Michelaccio*, by Antonio Baldini, who was born in Rome in 1889, although this witty humoresque cannot match the works just mentioned in formal perfection. Michelaccio is the even-tempered patient man, a kind of Italian — in some respects a Roman — child of Nature, clumsy and yet lovable, wrapped in dreams, yet without fancy, a sleepy head, a glutton, a sloth, and yet good-natured, devoted, and content. In the book there is a defense of Michelaccio, who has been arrested for failure to salute the Italian tricolor of the Fascisti. Overheated nationalism is ridiculed, and an explanation is given of the symbolism that Michelaccio embodies; but unfortunately this conception, pretty though it is, is developed with more wit than high seriousness.

With far more earnestness Riccardo Balsamo-Crivelli built up his humorous epic *Boccaccino*. Outwardly this remarkable book is extremely old-fashioned in tone, even philosophic and academic, for it is ostensibly an historic epic in about thirteen thousand lines, after the fashion of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto. As a result, ordinary critics left it unread, and it found a friendly reception only in Benedetto Croce's circle. The learned poet deliberately archaized and Tuscanized and told his story in a mixture of truth and poetry that one might well have thought impossible. He recounts the youthful years of Giovanni Boccaccio of Certaldo, the author of the *Filocopo*, of *Fiammetta*, and the *Decameron*. Childhood trifles, boyish pranks, love affairs, schoolboy scrapes and examinations, journeys, masquerades, balls and adventures, of the years between 1313 and 1340, all find place in the book, against an appropriate background of historical custom and historic landscape — wholly unmodern, of course, and yet fresh and genuinely Italian, suggesting that a taste for the idyl may yet return. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the whole book must have emerged from an idyllic frame of mind. With remarkable sureness he holds this tone from beginning to end, and however various the individual pictures and events may be, in this respect the book is a unified whole.

Outwardly far more successful, yet really far poorer in literary qualities than Balsamo-Crivelli, is the Sicilian humorist Luigi Pirandello. Sometimes he seeks, as Balzac did in his *Contes drôlatiques*, to catch the spirit of the Renaissance, though he does not try, as Balzac did, to archaize his colorless, nervous style; and like the masters of the Italian Renaissance, he passes over from fiction to drama. Here too he links himself with the old tradition, employing by preference plots based on misunderstandings which lead presently to tragic or comic solutions. Indeed the whole view of life that we find in his art is related to the Italian Renaissance in so far as it represents the individual as freed from the objective world and

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portrays him as an isolated being who can no longer place himself in harmony with society, Nature, or the universe. His art knows no heroes and no beliefs. He can draw no distinction between tragic and comic; and if one is to find the essence of the lyric in its harmonizing of the individual with the eternal all, then we must set Pirandello down as fundamentally unlyric and prosaic. As a matter of fact, its liveliness, its intensity, and effectiveness are due to the keenness of an intelligence that has become all-powerful, which finds its troubles, its joys, its suffering, its torment, and its sophisticated chess-play in the hopeless confusion of existence. An art of this kind need not wait on moods and inspirations, and, like the teaching of a sophist, can be carried on by schedule and for fee, without losing its value, for examples of tragi-comic misunderstanding by the thousand stand ready for use, and if one is so creatively minded and so witty as Pirandello, can be construed in either way.

He has found numerous imitators, among whom I shall mention Luigi Chiarelli, author of *La maschera e il volto* (1916), as one of the most successful.

Humorous and comic writers may always reckon on a friendly public in modern Italy, for everyday life under that smiling heaven has become so oppressive for most people that they are delighted with an art that holds up a cheerful mirror even to its most dismal aspects. That is why the amiable and charming native of Romagna, Alfredo Panzini — who was born in 1863 in Senigallia and who belongs to the older generation — has only of recent years been discovered. The hour of success has struck, however, for his whimsical prattle, with its laughing but melancholy ridicule, of the opposition between modern Americanism and Italian humanistic culture. Here lies the real problem of modern Italy, if I do not deceive myself. To remain both human and humanistic one must achieve both qualities anew, yet at the same time not lose touch — or rather, gain fresh touch — with the worldwide problems of international life. No wonder, then, that Panzini — the modest gymnasium teacher who carries Homer and Vergil, Dante, Ariosto, and the Arcadians, Socrates and Plato, in his heart, and yet, in spite of or perhaps because of that, does not despair of the present — has become a general favorite with his *Fiabe della Virtu* (1905), *Lanterna di Diogene* (1909), and *Santippe* (1914). It is as if the pathetic figure of Carducci should rise from the harsh solemnity of his professorial chair, should give up writing odes, should begin to move about and, without losing his high poetic sense, should become a good fellow discoursing in a ringing, singing prose which makes no demands, finding his subjects in the life of far and near, and telling things old and new. Panzini is not a great figure, not a great creator, nor is he a trailbreaker, but he is a true child of Nature, with the characteristic Italian charm which knows how to reconcile opposites, to set the spirits at rest, and he is aware of a thousand transitions between past and present, great and little. We may fittingly close our discourse with him.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A HILLSIDE HOUSE

BY JOHN CLARE

(Hitherto Unpublished)
[*Madrigals and Chronicles*]

THERE is a house stands in a lonely way,
The hill seems falling on it all the day;
It seems half-hidden, like a robber's den,
And seems more safe for robbers than for men.
The trees, look! — bushes — scarcely half as big —
Seem taking root and growing on the rig.
The cows, that travel up with little heed,
Seem looking down upon the roof to feed,
And if they take a step or stumble more,
They seem in danger then of tumbling o'er.
The cocks and hens that fill a little space
Are all that look like home about the place.
The woods seem ready on the house to drop,
And rabbits breed above the chimney top.

RELEASE

BY JOHN CLARE

(Hitherto Unpublished)
[*Spectator*]

THE sheds are cleaned and littered down before
The drapsing cow comes from the weary moor;
Upon the hovel-beams the fowl perch high;
Around the cribs the straw-fed oxen lye.
The gears are hung behind the stable thack;
The teams at rest are pulling at the rack.
The hedger in the ditch has hid his tool
Under a stumpy thorn — and from the school
Boys homeward wend and leap and splash in play
Through all the little pudges on the way.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NECKTIES AND OTHER THINGS

THE folly of feminine fashions and fripperies having grown threadbare — though happily the fripperies themselves have not — as a theme for moralists who envy Jeremiah's laurels, a German journalist, Herr Egon Jacobsohn, arises in the columns of the *Prager Tagblatt* to cast a critical eye upon the vestments of his brother men in the Czechoslovak capital.

It will be interesting to see how much good his satiric blasts will do. Herr Jacobsohn will receive a small check from the editor — which is always agreeable and an end to be desired. But will the gentlemen whose hats, handkerchiefs, neckties, rings, sticks, and rubber soles he criticizes be stirred to reformation of those objectionable habiliments? Not likely!

Criticizing people's clothes is as innocent a pastime as ever was invented. There are limits, to be sure. It won't do to hint that Jones's new hat has an inexpensive look or that his new cravat suggests the bargain counter; but outside such forbidden zones of criticism you may go as you please. What other critic can do as much?

Print in the dramatic column the unquestionable fact that Mr. Blenkinsop's new comedy would disgrace the office boy, and next time you will be turned from the theatre's door. Announce that Mr. Agamemnon Herkimer's novel suffers from congestion of the plot, and you will hear from the publisher about it. Point out the crying need for surgery in the octave of Miss Aminta Plumbleton's latest sonnet, and her fiancé will cut you dead at her mother's tea-party. Voice an adverse criticism of Signor de Wronski's interpretation of his Concerto in Q minor, and that master will tear out lavish handfuls of his flowing locks — to the great benefit of the mattress-stuffing industry.

But assure Signor de Wronski that the flowing locks are unbecoming, and he will laugh your bourgeois inferiority to scorn. Hint to Miss Aminta Plumbleton that her new gown is a little too-too, and that charming young lady will straightway wheedle a new check out of her dear papa to buy a still newer gown that is — whatever the superlative of too-too may be. (It is obviously a question for the grammarians.)

Similarly Mr. Agamemnon Herkimer will receive your critique on his new pink-and-lavender hose with smiling equanimity; and will subsequently confide to his wife that you are a well-meaning fellow but lacking in *je ne*

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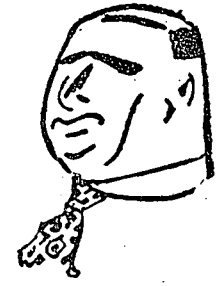
sais quoi. (As indeed, most people are.) And your harshest strictures on Mr. Blenkinsop's green tie with the black and orange polka-dots will ruffle that eminent dramatist not a whit, though the slightest animadversion on the big scene in his third act sends the poor man into frenzies.

To get back to Prague, whence we started, — and where we left Herr Jacobsohn stranded in the clothing store, — all this suggests that the outlook is gloomy for reforming Czechoslovak haberdashery, because the criticized will rather enjoy his jeremiads. There was a time, wails Herr Jacobsohn, when a man allowed only the demure corner of a white silk

handkerchief to peer timidly from his vest pocket — ready, probably, to pull in its head if danger threatened. At this point Herr Jacobsohn feels the need of a short and ugly word, and having at command the considerable potentialities of the German language, 'What,' he inquires, 'does the *Geck* do nowadays?' (*Geck* is impolite German intended to reflect on the intelligence and injure the feelings.) The terrible truth is that the Geck 'lets a kind of scarf trail out of his pocket till it reaches his middle and rouses the suspicion that he is trying to cover up a spot on his coat!' Of such a sartorial idiosyncrasy Herr Jacobsohn inevitably disapproves.

Neither can he mention without reprobation the modern Prague way of knotting neckties. 'Custom demands a simple tie with a medium knot. What



does the fashion-fool do? Either wears one so small you could swear he ties it with a magnifying glass and forceps, or else flaunts an incredibly huge one with a tiny streamer dangling from it.' There is also the objectionable practice of wearing your initials on the outside of your hat, and the equally distressing fashion of pulling this bedizened headdress far down upon the ears. 'Of course a man is entitled to stick anything in his hat he wants to, but he ought n't to wear it like that in the street.'

It is with regret that one takes leave of Herr Egon Jacobsohn — for his article ends at last, as even German articles must. He takes it all so very seriously; he is so pleasantly furious; and he makes it so very clear that, though small and large knots in neck-

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ties, initialed hats, huge rings, ridiculous waistcoats, horrifying shoes, and all the other things of which he vociferously disapproves will certainly persist till their wearers get tired of them, Herr Egon Jacobsohn at least is a wiser, better, happier man for having said his say.

✽

THE ARMS OF THE VENUS OF MELOS

A LITTLE bronze statuette from Alexandria gives a new aspect to the old puzzle of the arms of the Venus of Melos. Perhaps the statue never had any arms.

Probably none of the minor problems of archæology ever led to the spilling of more ink than just this question. According to one theory, the statue held a mirror. According to another, it was part of a group representing the disarming of Mars, in which Venus rested the shield of the war god on her knee, while her arms supported it above. One enthusiast even sought to deduce the position of the arms from the muscles of the back.

In *L'Illustration* a certain Dr. Eddé announces the discovery of a bronze statuette of the Alexandrian period to which he assigns also the Venus of Melos. The bronze statuette is certainly a reproduction of the Louvre's famous treasure — there is no doubt about that; and it certainly shows the statue in exactly its modern armless condition.

'Did the Alexandrian artist who made the copy see the beautiful marble body on the island of Melos or at Alexandria where the statue was originally carved?' inquires Dr. Eddé. 'The question has no great importance, but one thing is certain — that the Venus of Melos has always been as we now see it, just as it came from the hands of the legendary artist-creator. The little statuette which is contemporary with the Louvre masterpiece is definite and undeniable proof.

'People may ask for what mysterious reason the Aphrodite of Melos was never finished and why she was given no arms? Here we touch the unknown. Certainly I, who am neither artist nor archæologist but only a modest amateur, cannot take it upon myself to solve that question. Did the artist who carved it intend to add arms? Did he stop in the presence of his exquisite work and, seeing it already so beautiful, fear to add anything whatever that might deprive it of its unique grace? Or was it death that halted his hand and his chisel? And did the artist who followed him respect his work and his memory? Or is there some ancient legend, unknown to us, represented by this statue? No man knows and no man can solve the enigma with certainty.

'I may add that, when the statue was found on the island that has given it its name, diligent search was made for the arms and a large sum was offered to anyone who might have discovered them, if he would bring them back. But in spite of all efforts nothing was found, for nothing could be found.'

The editor of *L'Illustration* adds a cautious note of introduction: 'Our correspondent brings a new idea. We leave all the responsibility to him.'

✽

A PAPER FOR DIVORCÉES

A NEW semimonthly magazine which merits notice — though long may it be ere any of our readers finds it necessary to subscribe! — has commenced publication in Prague. It is called *Rozvedena Zena* (The Divorced Wife). Divorces in Central Europe have been on the increase, and as economic life is still in disorder the divorcées and their children are likely to be left quite without provision.

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Madame Aupicova, herself the divorced wife of an official in one of the ministries, is president of the new society formed to provide for these women. The society aims to give the divorced woman a chance to learn the divorce laws and understand her rights in order to compel the husband to fulfill his duties. The new journal is to further these purposes.

The leading members of the new society are all divorced women, but there is one lonely man among the members, who include the divorced wife of an academic painter, the divorced wife of a lawyer, and the divorced wife of a magistrate.

*

NIETZSCHE, THE GOOD BOY

EVER since the war began, the English- and French-speaking worlds have been taught to regard Friedrich Nietzsche as a very dreadful individual. Though this may not be at all fair to the philosopher, the legend does add peculiar interest to a collection of early letters made public by his sister, Doctor Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, who has written a great deal about her distinguished brother.

The letters which she now publishes were all written when Nietzsche was between fourteen and twenty-five years old, and have never seen print before. The Lutheran pastor's little son writes with the utmost reverence and simplicity to his mother. He is in school, and thanks God for all the help that has been given him. He is determined to devote his life to the service of God, and has just written an account of his life up to the present moment — as a spiritual exercise. Five years later he is heartbroken at the terrible news he has to tell his mother: he has been drunk for the first time — and on Sunday, too! Worse still, the schoolmaster saw him, scolded him, cut down his Sunday leave, and degraded him in the classroom. Nietzsche begs forgiveness and asks for a scolding.

Two years later something quite as terrible has happened, though the boy is not altogether aware of it. He has bought the works of Schopenhauer in a secondhand bookshop. Two years more, and the revolutionary process has gone a good deal further. Nietzsche is twenty-three and writes: —

> The Greeks were not pedants of learning, nor were they merely soulless gymnasts. Has the necessity to choose between becoming either the one or the other arisen through Christianity's causing a breach in man's normal nature that the nation of harmony never knew? Should not the picture of a Sophocles who knew so well how to dance and to play ball and yet displayed so much mental agility put our men of letters to shame? Our attitude toward these things is the same one we display toward everything in life. We are able to recognize an evil when we see it, but this does not imply our having lifted one finger to overcome it.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Diversions of a Diplomat, by Frank Rattigan. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 16*s*.

[*Review of Reviews*]

In *Diversions of a Diplomat* Mr. Frank Rattigan gives a first-hand account of what happened in the British Embassy in Berlin on the declaration of war. Mr. Rattigan was a member of the Embassy staff. The crisis found him at home on leave, but he was recalled by telegram to arrive on August 1. Let him tell his own story:—

The air was full of rumors. First to greet us was that Japan had declared war on Russia. Then we were told that Great Britain had declared for a friendly neutrality toward Germany. This was generally believed, and we were everywhere greeted with smiles and cheers. On arriving at the Embassy, Sir Edward Goschen told me that the previous evening a crowd had collected outside the front door and sung God Save the King.

We spent the next two days and nights working at fever pitch. The amount of ciphering to be done was of course very great, and we had to burn vast quantities of secret and confidential papers. This was an arduous task. The weather was stifling, and the heat of the furnaces at which we burned the secret papers was so tremendous that we could not stand it for more than half an hour at a time, and had to take it in shifts. By Monday morning, August 4, everything necessary had been done, and in the calm before the storm we awaited the answer to the ultimatum which our chief had delivered from the British Government. We all felt there could be only one outcome — war. Sir Edward Goschen, after communicating the ultimatum to Herr von Jagow, had gone on to see the Chancellor, Bethmann Hollweg, in the hope of preventing at the eleventh hour the violation of Belgian neutrality. There followed the historic 'scrap of paper' interview. When the Ambassador told me of what had passed between them he said he had never seen a man so stricken with grief as the Chancellor; he had moaned, 'It is too late to stop our troops: they entered Belgium this morning.'

About 7 P.M. on August 4 the *Tageblatt* came out with a special news-sheet on which was placarded in large type, 'England breaks off diplomatic relations with Germany.' When this appeared the noise of the Berlin streets was stilled as though by a magic wand. Everywhere there had been cheering, and singing, and martial music, but immediately this news-sheet was distributed through the streets one could have heard a pin drop. It was as though the people were struck dumb. This silence brought home to me, as nothing else could have done, the fact that Germany realized that with Great Britain on the side of her enemies she could have no hope of victory.

After a few minutes, however, the silence began to be broken, and I shall never forget the angry murmur, which began to swell into a roar of fury, as the crowd gathered before our Embassy to demonstrate their rage at what they termed 'the betrayal of our cousins.' We were all at dinner with the Ambassador, when above the din we heard the crash of glass, and on rushing into the State rooms, which gave on the Wilhelmstrasse, we found the mob had begun to smash all the windows with stones and bricks. I picked up the first stone — or rather rock — thrown, and have kept it as a paper weight. It was the first German missile against England in the war! In a few moments all the windows on the ground floor were wrecked and the crowd had become so menacing that it became obvious the few policemen on duty could not restrain them.

Sir Edward Goschen, therefore, sent me to telephone to the Foreign Minister, Herr von Jagow, and request him to have troops hurried to the spot. I got no answer from the exchange for some time. At length a voice answered, 'You are cut off.' When I asked 'Why?' the voice replied, 'Because you are at war with Germany.' I was refused any communication with the Foreign Office. I protested strongly, pointing out that the Embassy was being attacked by the mob. The telephone girl said she would put me through to the military officer in control of the service. When this gentleman curtly asked me what I wanted, I told him of the circumstances and requested him to put me through to Herr von Jagow at once. He refused categorically. I replied: 'Very well, in that case the British Embassy will be sacked by your frenzied populace and the Ambassador and his staff very probably murdered. I presume from your attitude you are in favor of such action by the mob, and have no objection to Germany stamping herself before the world as a nation of uncivilized brutes.'

This seemed to move him, and after some hesitation he said, 'I will allow you to be put through to the American Embassy.'

Mr. Gerard at once got in touch with Herr von Jagow, and, using the same arguments as I had employed to the telephone authorities, persuaded him to send a force of mounted troops. One of Mr. Gerard's phrases was, I heard later, 'If you condone such acts you will be proved

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to have returned to the methods of the thirteenth century.'

Just as the mob was on the point of breaking in, a force of cavalry clattered up and our assailants were driven back. Herr von Jagow eventually came round himself, and sat on a sofa with Sir Edward Goschen, while the mob raged without. He was stricken with grief, and said to our chief, 'There are three very unhappy men in Germany to-day — the Kaiser, the Chancellor, and myself.'

Mahatma Gandhi, by R. M. Gray and M. C. Parekh. London: Student Christian Movement, 1924. 3*s.*

[*New Statesman*]

A FULL account of Gandhi and his movement has not yet been written for English readers. In default this little book will be useful. It is written in complete sympathy with Gandhi's religious and social aims, but the chapters on the political aspects of the movement are meagre. The authors speak of Gandhi as a shrewd politician. They are, however, able to explain the huge miscalculation of certain of his policies — in particular, his attempt to base Hindu-Moslem unity upon the Caliphate question. They are incompletely informing, also, on the subject of Gandhi's practice of ultimata and penance. Thus, they refer to the settlement of a mill strike through the Mahatma's insistence upon the impiety of breaking a vow, and speak of this insistence as being successful because of his fasting. But they omit the interesting fact that the strikers fell in with their leaders' acceptance of lower terms, after the higher rate had been paid for one day in order that Gandhi might keep the letter of his vow. The authors tell with fairness the story of Gandhi's change of attitude toward the Empire, his support of which lasted until after the Punjab troubles of 1919. The quotations from the Mahatma's writings show that his hostility to European civilization did not run parallel with his political extremism, but was formulated fifteen years ago.

The Caliphate, by Sir T. W. Arnold. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THIS is perhaps the first comprehensive study of the Caliphate — at any rate since the repudiation of the Ottoman Caliphate by the Great National Assembly of Turkey, which has concluded one chapter in the history of the institution and conceivably terminated it altogether. The book is thus of the highest interest from the point of view of current international politics, and it is equally interesting from the historical standpoint, since it surveys the development of the Caliphate from the beginning to the present day and is written by one of the foremost contemporary Islamic scholars, whose learning and exactitude the reader may safely trust to guide him through the intricacies of this fascinating but difficult field of research.

The English Novel of To-Day, by Gerald Gould. London: John Catle, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

MR. GOULD takes 1900 as his watershed, and though some of the last-century writers, by force of quality, surmount this barrier to mingle with the newer stream, it is, quite exactly, recent tendencies with which this critical survey is engaged. Whatever may be our judgment of the new novelist, there can be little question as to the new critic, when he has Mr. Gould's quality: pontification and vitriol have had their day; they served their purpose in engaging the latent malice of the reader and enhancing the prestige of the reviewer; but the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors — the intelligent public — has almost abolished this once popular sport. Nowadays the critic has to possess subtler gifts, a kindlier wit, a reasonable consideration, a more catholic humanity — in short, an acknowledgement that an artist has the right to his own methods and subjects, and that the critic's job is to be an artist also, not a common hangman. Mr. Gould divides his consideration of the current novel under such heads as 'Psychological,' 'Biographical,' 'Sociological,' and 'Straightforward,' and then turns his attention to 'Smaller Groups,' 'The Short Story,' and 'Best Sellers,' and about all these variations he has something wise and witty to say. It is pretty plain that he, in common with a good many others, regards many of the modern mannerisms as mere temporary excursions from the main line of novel-writing; amusing enough as experiments, but leading to dead ends. Art experimental is in the air, and intellectual egotism no rare product; but, for all that, this critic is not slow to praise the new thing where it makes good, or, at the very least, to seek the driving force responsible for its origin. A good-tempered and temperate book, written with grace of style and the better grace of sincerity.

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WE'VE just been looking over the prospectus for 1925.

And it seems to us that Scribner's Magazine presents a program that contains vigor, spirit, life, ideas, and entertainment.

And that isn't all puffery.

* * *

When a Magazine starts off the New Year with articles like Senator William E. Borah's "The Republican Victory — What Shall We Do With It" and John Galsworthy's "Reminiscences of Joseph Conrad" as the two leaders, followed by Albert Guérard's brilliant and stimulating "Mesocracy in France" and "The President" by Edward Bok, and many other essays, bright and interesting stories, discussions of art, literature, and finance by entertaining experts, there seems warrant for such a statement.

* * *

This January number is not a flash in the pan, either. For in the February number begins John Hays Hammond's "Strong Men of the Wild West" and a remarkable human story "An Immigrant at the Cross-Roads" showing how easy it is to become a bad American. Gamaliel Bradford and others also contribute to this number.

And the March number is like unto it in variety, appeal, and entertainment.

* * *

1925, indeed, looks like a year of achievement and one of improvement over the present year, even though the latter is topped off by the beautiful Christmas number now current.

And so, with Mr. Barnum, we cry "Bigger and Better than Ever," — and we mean it for we have to prove it once a month. We believe you will think so, too.

* * *

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* * *

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